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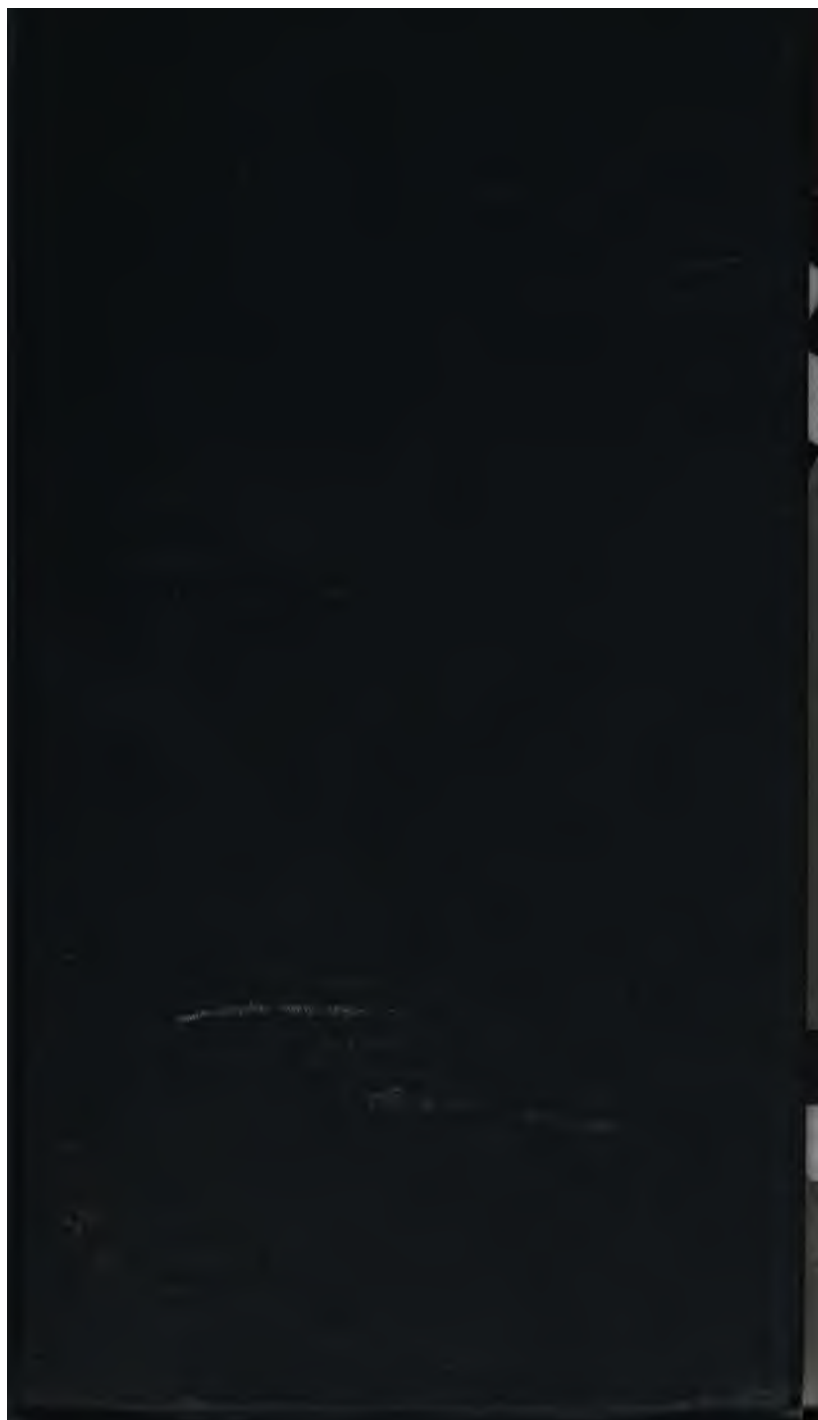
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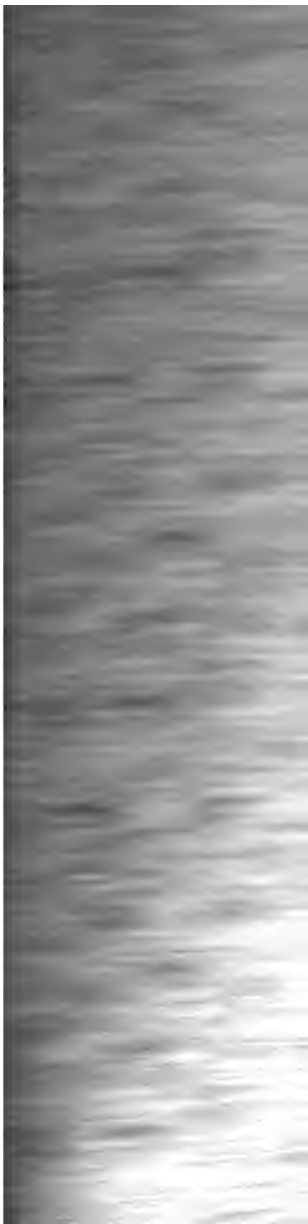
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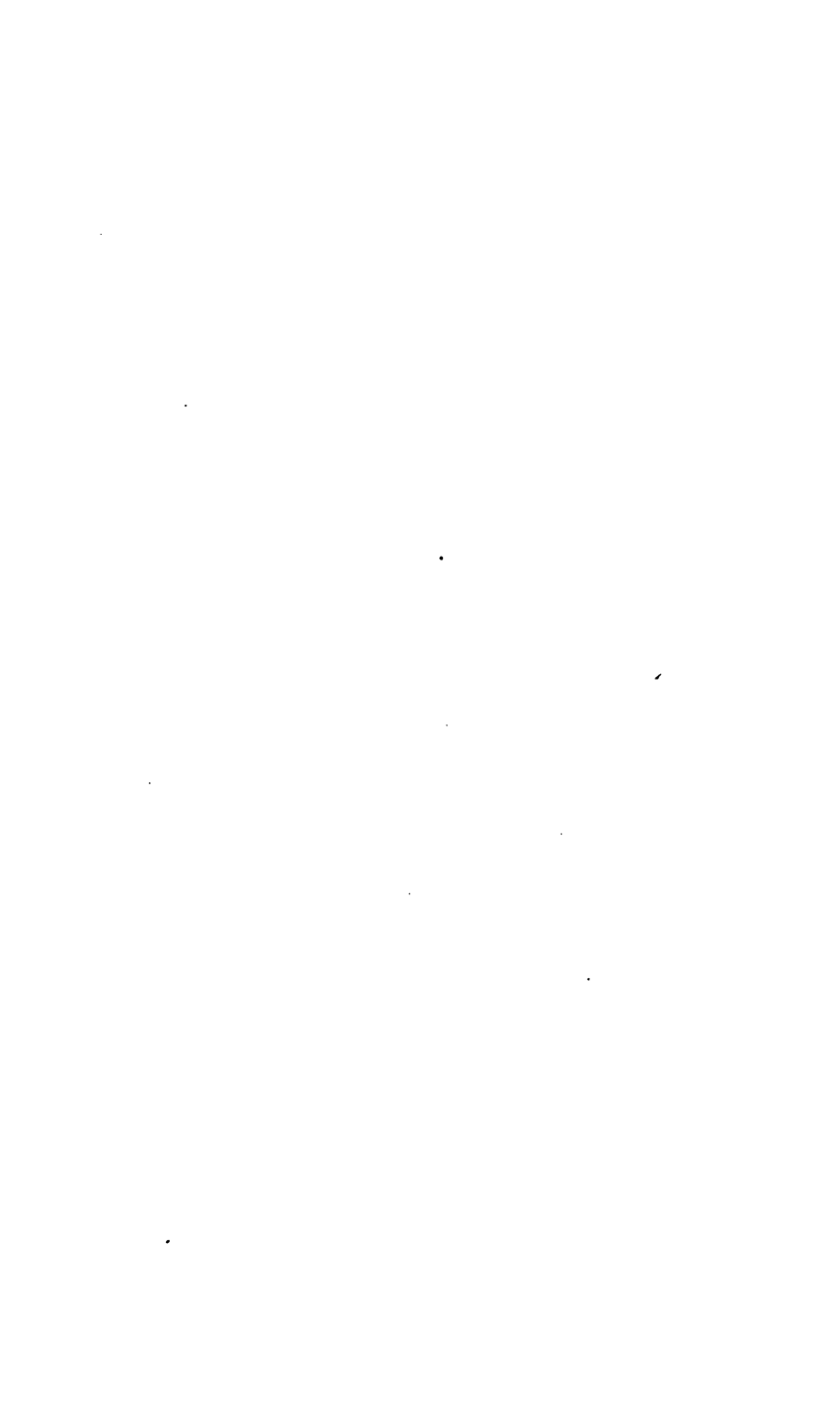
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THE
GLASSE OF TIME,
IN THE FIRST AGE.

DIVINELY HANDLED

By THOMAS PEYTON, OF LINCOLNES INNE, GENT.

//

Seene and Allowed.

LONDON: Printed by BERNARD ALSOP, for LAWRENCE
CHAPMAN, and are to be sold at his Shop
over against Staple Inne.

1620.

NEW YORK:
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In the extracts from The Glasse of Time contained in the Introduction, the orthography has been corrected so as to conform to present usage. In the Poem itself, as here reprinted, the spelling, punctuation, italicization, and capitalization of the original edition have been strictly adhered to. This reprint is therefore an accurate transcript of the book as put forth by Lawrence Chapman in 1620, 1623.

INTRODUCTION.

THOMAS PEYTON, the author of the following poem, was born at Royston, in the County of Cambridge, England, in 1595. He was the son and heir of Thomas Peyton, Esq., described in the records of Lincoln's Inn, London, as "late of Royston in the Co. of Cambridge, gentleman."

The Peyton family had been connected with Cambridgeshire, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Huntingdon, or the Eastern Counties, from the Conquest. The founder was William de Malet, a Norman Baron, who accompanied the Conqueror to England and was sheriff of Yorkshire in the 3d year of William I., and obtained from the Crown as a recompense for his military services, grants of sundry lordships and manors, amongst which were Sibton and Peyton Hall. "The knightly family of Peyton flowed out of the same male stock," says Camden, "whence the Uffords, Earls of Suffolk, descended; albeit they assumed the surname of Peyton, according to the usage of that age, from their Manor of Peyton Hall, in Boxford, in the County of Suffolk."

The first of the family, by the name of Peyton, upon record was, Reginald de Peyton, second son of Walter, Lord of Sibton, younger brother of William de Malet, sheriff of Yorkshire. This Reginald de Peyton, was lord of Peyton Hall, and was an officer in the household of the Earl of Norfolk: ancestor of that earl who refused aid to Henry III. during the Barons' war, 1258-1265, and when the King said "I will send reapers, and reap your fields for you," answered defiantly to him; "and I will send you back the heads of your reapers."

From this ancient stock, there is no room to doubt our poet's descent. His father was, as well as we can now make out from the family records, the son of Sir Thomas Peyton, M.P. for

Dunwich in 1557. Though one of the most considerable territorial families in the Eastern Counties, from the Conquest to the death of Charles I., the members, or younger sons, were of such active, adventurous, and fearless spirit, that they took service, not only in the British army and navy, whose annals are illustrated by their exploits, but under various foreign Princes. They served in the wars of Gascony in the reign of Edward II., and in Flanders, and one of them achieved such military renown by his skill as a leader at the battle of Poitiers, that he was created Earl of Suffolk and Knight of the Garter about 1356. In his last will, amongst other bequests, he leaves to his son William, "the sword, wherewith the King girt him, when he created him Earl; and also his bed with the eagle entire: and his summer vestment, powdered with Leopards."

The subject of this sketch was born in that rank of life which of all others is best calculated to produce men, the blessing of their generation, and the glory of their country, and seems to have been remarkable for the sweetness of his temper and the kindness and unselfishness of his nature. Having studied at the schools of Royston, under the eye of his father, who is described as a man of literary tastes and much learning, and who possessed a valuable library, he attended the classes and completed his education at the University of Cambridge. He now proceeded, in the year 1613, to London for the study of the law, and, as the following extracts from the records of Lincoln's Inn show, was admitted to that Society.*

* Lincoln's Inne. Cantab. S.S. Thomas Peyton filius et heres Thome Peyton, nup de Roystone in com. p'det Gen. admissus est in societatem istius Hospicis xxliiii die Novembris Anno R. Ra. Jacobi xi p im quoznoia hic subscr ppr et soluit ad vsum hospicis p'det itj ti liij s liij d quia numquam fuit de villa domo cancellar.

Manuapt { THO. WODWARDE.
HUMFRYE CHAMBERS.

admissus p Jacobu Ley.

TRANSLATION.

Lincoln's Inn, Cambridge, to wit: Thomas Peyton, son and

It was at the early age of eighteen that our author thus commenced the study of the law, and not long afterwards his father died. This event having at once freed him from all control, and placed him in possession of an independent fortune, he was enabled to exchange the study of law for higher and graver pursuits more congenial to his tastes. No doubt he had reached a conviction of sin before God—sin worthy of eternal punishment—and felt a desire to enter on a state of preparedness for death and eternity. His profound acquaintance with the Scriptures indicate plainly that they had been for years the subjects of his deep study before the appearance of his epic. The decided bent of his mind had evidently always been towards the ancient classics, and to the study of these and the Scriptures he returned. The first fruit of his application was the first volume of *The Glasse of Time*, published in 1620, which was followed by a second volume, published in 1623.

We shall proceed to give, in the language of the *North American Review*, a slight glimpse of each, but sufficient to show the resemblance of "Paradise Lost" to the "Glasse of Time," pointing out wherein they differ, and in how much the genius of Milton surpasses the effort of the earlier poet; but demonstrating that to him belongs the glory of the original conception.

The first volume commences with the beginning of human existence, and treats mainly of

heir of Thomas Peyton, late of Roystone, in the County aforesaid, Gentleman, was admitted into the Society of this Inn on the 24th day of November, in the year of the Reign of King James, (A. D. 1613.) by the security of those whose proper names are subscribed hereto. And he paid to the use of the Inn aforesaid, £3.4.4 because he was never of another house of Chancery.

Sureties, { THEO. WODWARDE,
 { HUMFRIE CHAMBERS.

admitted by James Ley.

These extracts were taken from the records of Lincoln's Inn in the year 1870, by an American gentleman then in London, and the following certificate is appended to them:

"I hereby certify that the above entries are a true extract taken from the records of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn.

D. BETTS,

Record Agent, Gray's Inn, London, Dec. 1870."

the fall of man; the second takes a wider range, and follows the descendants of Adam to the time of Noah. The *North American Review* of October, 1860, thus speaks:

In contemplating the grandeur of those few minds which beam upon our world of thought as the sun among the stars, the results of whose labors are placed by history and the judgment of a daily increasing wisdom high above competition, we are apt to lose sight of the gradual friction, the constant strife, which gave those minds development. We forget that the sun, whose regal power we so easily recognize, is acted upon no less subtly and surely by all inferior influences,—that to climb to any glorious height, we must have assistance and guides. We are prone to regard a great genius as gifted already with wings full grown, able to float entirely out of the reach of our baser associations and to receive his inspirations from a purer element. We say of a poet that he is born, not made; and we, many of us, fail to see any connection between the things and facts of material existence, and the beautiful order and law which philosophy creates.

The world of literature, and all that company of earnest and pious souls who best love this life, as foreshadowing and promising the more perfect existence, were startled not many months ago, by the discovery that the *Pilgrim's Progress* was not originally conceived by John Bunyan, but was adapted by him from the reverent dreamings of an ancient monk, whose manuscript had, by some means fallen into the prisoner's possession. But though we may regret to give to the memory of another than Bunyan a single thrill of the gratitude with which this little book inspires us,—though we may dread to regard its author as a little less the inspired saint we have always believed him,—still let justice be done, though the heavens fall, and at the same time let him who was a victim of tyranny, both in body and soul, have due meed of praise, in that he saw so

clearly, through the gloom of superstition, the heavenly light and the narrow path. Nor need Bunyan be considered as a plagiarist, because he made use of the material thrown in his way. Doubtless he improved much upon his model. Doubtless He who "fashioneth their hearts alike" gave to him also the spirit of prophesy and exhortation. At most, only the credit of the *first idea* belongs to the forgotten monk: while the development of plan, the perfection of detail, the declaration of thought and doctrine suited to the needs of a people justified by faith, are due to the world-renowned Bunyan still.

We are now to see, by the added light of a more recent discovery, the dim outline of a shadowy hand directing the pen of a far nobler writer. We are to recognize the spirit of another unknown one, influencing the brain of a more glorious thinker. We are forced to question the originality of him who stands at the very head of epic poets,—John Milton. For not only did nature, more beautifully than in old Arcadia, speak to him in a thousand persuasive tones,—not only did the wise and gifted of old time hold torches to his studious path, and "attune his soul to the stately melody of Homeric and Virgilian verse," but the risen sun of English literature shone bright and clear all round him. Among the poets within his reach, one was gifted to the same exalted theme which gave to Milton his sublimest musing and his best reward.

A long time back in 1620—about forty years before the *Paradise Lost* was given to the world—one "Thomas Peyton, of Lincoln's Inn, Gent." having been moved to treat

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into our world and all our
woe,

wrote *The Glasse of Time in the First and Second Age, Divinely Handled.*

We find no record of the man beyond this work. The Encyclopedias do not contain his name, and even Hallam makes no mention of him.* A copy of this book, elaborately bound in vellum, ornamented with gold, with coat of arms and regal device, illustrated with curious cuts, and quaintly printed, had been kept in the possession of some English family, and was buried in the chest of an illiterate descendant until his recent death created a train of circumstances, which in the end placed the treasure before our eyes. We are convinced that the subject is worthy of attention and inquiry, and we herewith offer the result of our own research and comparison with the immortal poem which it so much resembles, and which we cannot help thinking was suggested by it.

Like the *Paradise Lost*, this work begins with the beginning of human existence, and treats mainly of the fall of man; but it takes a wider range, follows the descendants of Adam to the time of Noah, and promises a continuation of the story, which promise was, probably, not fulfilled. It would seem, from many allusions, to his personal sorrows as connected with political troubles, as well as from severe strictures upon the Puritans (or *Puritents*, as he calls them), that the author was a Churchman, a Royalist, and a sufferer in those growing disturbances which led to the overthrow of the monarchy. In his closing lines he makes the renewal of his theme contingent on the return of peace and safety, and perhaps, for him, that period never came. At any rate this is all that has come down to us, and it is enough, since it contains his thought upon Milton's great topic, in which connection we find its chief interest and importance.

The work shows some power of comparison and illustration, a good knowledge of classical lore, and profound familiarity with the Scrip-

* For more than a century and a half no knowledge existed of the book which turned up about eighty years ago, and how could Hallam or the Encyclopedist mention either it or the author.

tures. It is quaint, rough, sincere, and devotional, abounding in odd conceits and infelicitous expressions, yet sometimes rising into sublimer strains through the influence of its divine subject. In its narrative it takes Milton's view of the origin of sin, the agency of Satan, the consequent depravity of the race, and the hope of the sinner through redemption.

In placing the two works side by side, the noble simplicity of Milton's design stands out more clearly than ever before. While Milton's subject is illustrated with the full glow of the poet's fire, and enriched with the varied splendors of a world-wide knowledge, still the unity of the idea remains intact. The other poet is more discursive, and often leaves his main subject, led away by the suggestions of a word or a simile, to give us his thoughts upon modern times,—the encroachments of Rome, the quarrels of Church and State in his own land, and the evil doings of the *Puritans*. The character of Satan—standing forth complete in lurid splendor—is all Milton's own; while in every instance where the similarity of thought is remarkable, he towers loftily above his fellow, and transfigures all he appropriates. In the form of verse and choice of words also Milton proves his superior taste and the purity of his genius. The earlier poem is written in rhyme, in which the imagination is often fettered; and the sense sacrificed; the latter is in the easy flow of blank verse, where every thought finds fit expression.

We will now give, in verification of these statements a few quotations from each work, for comparison. We are all familiar with the opening lines of the *Paradise Lost*:

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into our world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing Heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire

That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos.

Here is the introduction of the other poem:—

The author first doth God's assistance crave,
Throughout the work, that he his help may have,
The sacred Sabbath, Satan's envious gall,
The woman framed, and man's most dismal fall,
The tree of life, protected from the brute,
The tree of knowledge, with her fatal fruit,—
For fear the world should finally be ended,
God's dearest daughters down in haste descended
The flaming sword, the tree of life that guarded,
The cherubim upon the walls that warded,
The land of Eden—is described at large,
Heaven's judgments just to all man's future
charge.

We next cite Milton's invocation:—

And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st: Thou from the
first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine; what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man.

Now hear Peyton:—

O glorious God! Inspirer of my muse!
Grant that Thy word my soul may daily use,
And that what learning painfully it got
Still from the truth may never swerve a jot.
That in her spring, beginning, and her bud
May sing Thy glory, to the church's good
Oh that my muse might once but rest in peace!
Then would she sing divinely—never cease,—
But work out truth within her holy rhymes
Gliding along, descending to our times;
And dear Urania, sovereign of my verse,
Should hear the glory of this world rehearse.

Unfolding still to God's immortal glory
The heavenly sweetness of a sacred story.

They both allude to the war in Heaven :

His pride

Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the most High
If He opposed.—MILTON.

The angels which against the Lord did swell
He quite cashiered, and cast them down to hell,
Where being bound eternally in chains
They feel the torments of ten thousand pains.
—PEYTON.

They both speak of the Fall :

What cause

Moved our grand Parents, in that happy state,
Favored of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress His will,
For one restraint, lords of the world besides ?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt ?
Th' infernal serpent—he it was, whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind.—MILTON.

Adam, what made thee wilfully at first
To leave thy offspring to this day accurst,—
So wicked, foul, and overgrown with sin,
And in thy person all of it begin ?
That, hadst thou stood in innocency framed,
Death, sin, and hell, the world, and all thou 'dst
tamed
Then hadst thou been a monarch from thy birth:
God's only darling in heaven and earth:
. What might be the cause
That thou shouldst break, thy Holy Maker's laws,
When of a thousand that might make us weep,
In all the world thou had'st but one to keep,
And that but light ?
Cursed be that Devil that first thy sense belied!
If thou hadst lived, then we had never died.

—PEYTON.

There is in both these works a curious personification of Sin, under the form of Medusa. The descriptions are remarkably similar, though Milton places her as "portress of Hell's gate," while Peyton introduces her as ascending from the lower regions, to poison the mind of Cain for the commission of his unprecedented crime. Peyton says of her :

Medusa (damned,) in foul, black, ugly clothes
That all the world most deadly hates and loathes,
Swollen like a toad, her hopes cast down to Hell
Where none but fiends and hateful monsters dwell,
Whose cursed hair about her shoulders falls,
Powdered with serpents full of poisoned galls,
Hissing and crawling round about her head,
Hatched by a viper in her womb that bred,
Rends up the earth, ascendeth like a ghost.

And again :

But when Medusa from Hell's deepest vaults,
Began but once to spy man's secret faults,
And from her den in dark oblivion pent.
The bowels of her mother earth had sent,
To come aloft into the open air,
With her foul breath, infectious, poisoned hair,
And rags most base, as late before I told,
To seat herself in Cain's securest hold.

And thus Milton :

The one seemed woman to the waist and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed
With mortal sting : about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing barked
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet when they list would creep,
If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb
And kennel there, yet there still barked and
howled
Within, unseen.

We turn now to a pleasanter theme,—the description of Paradise. Here both employ their sweetest numbers, and here, as everywhere, Mil-

ton far excels, though there are many striking points of resemblance between the two pictures. They both endeavor to determine the spot,—Milton by a general allusion to the boundaries of Eden, while the other mentions the various situations which have been ascribed to the garden, and dwells longest upon the beauties of Mount Amara, in Ethiopia, which place Milton also mentions as Mount Amara—by some supposed

True Paradise, under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head.

Peyton however concludes that "The goodly region in the Syrian land," is "the likeliest place indeed" for this renowned seat. He speaks of

The treasures of that pleasant land,—
The fruitful regions in the same which stand,
The goodly rivers, and brave mounting hills,—
Sweet, temperate airs, on every side that fills
The downy plains with such a fragrant smell
As winged Fame into our ears doth tell,—
The spicy trees, and brave, delightful flowers,
The dainty walks, and gilt, aspiring towers,
And all things else that man could well desire,
Or discontent of nature may require.

And Milton says:—

Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view :
Groves, whose rich trees wept odorous gums and
balm ;
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true here only, and of delicious taste;
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,—
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant : meanwhile murmuring waters fall

Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank, with myrtle crowned,
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.

These are but short selections. There are in both poems many other cases of similar expression and thought on this theme, and similar references to fabled scenes and personages by way of contrast. Milton's description of Adam and Eve is familiar to all:—

For contemplation he, and valor formed,—
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace . . .
His fair, large front, and eye sublime, declared
Absolute rule,—and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad;
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Disheveled, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway . . .
So hand in hand, they passed, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met,—
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.

Peyton addresses Adam:—

As the two lights within the firmament,
So hath thy God His glory to thee lent,—
Composed thy body, exquisite and rare
That all his works cannot to thee compare,—
Like His own image drawn thy shape divine,
With curious pencil shadowed forth thy line,—
Within thy nostrils blown His holy breath,
Impaled thy head with that inspiring wreath
Which binds thy front, and elevates thine eyes
To mount His throne above the lofty skies,—
Summons His angels, in their winged order,
About thy brows to be a sacred border,—
Gives them in charge to honor this His frame,
All to admire and wonder at the same. . . .
Now art thou complete, Adam, all beside

May not compare to this thy lovely bride,
Whose radiant tress, in silver rays to wave,
Before thy face so sweet a choice to have,
Of so divine and admirable a mould
More daintier far than is the purest gold. . . .
But now thy God hath perfect made thy state,
Linked thee in marriage with so choice a mate,
Himself the Priest which brought her to thy hand,
And knit the knot that evermore must stand,
Ringed her with virtue, glorious beauty chaste.

Then as the tragedy advances he continues:—

But Lucifer, that soared above the sky,
And thought himself equal to God on high,
Envies thy fortune, and thy glorious birth,
In being framed but of the basest earth,—
Himself compacted of pestiferous fire,
Assumes a snake to execute his ire,
Winds him within that winding crawling beast,
And enters first where as thy strength was last. . .
And watching time when Adam slept aside
Even but a little from his lovely bride,
To pluck, perhaps, a nut upon the trees,
Or get a comb among the honey-bees,
Or some such thing to give his lovely spouse,—
Even just to Eve thou didst thy body rouse,
And question with her of much idle prattle. . . .
O, cursed, damned, execrable Devil!
Delighting best in that thing which is evil:
What made thee now thy baneful speech to blow
Out of that cankered, venomed mouth below,
That Eve must reach, and in her hand to grapple,
So fair a fatal curst bewitching apple,—
And not content herself thereof to eat,
But reached another as a dainty meat;
And in her sweet, delightful, lovely hands
Runs to her lord, where all alone he stands,
'Plaining and grieving that he her had missed?

The above is a specimen of this part of the poem. The corresponding story in Milton is too long for quotation, but, like the rest of the work, is more happily constructed and finely polished than this. In the judgment and sentence, both

poems only amplify the Scriptural account. We will quote solely from the older poem, as the more recent is at hand for all who wish to make the comparison :

Adam, what made thee fearfully to hide
(Entangled in the allurements of thy bride)
Thyself from God, who, by his sacred voice,
Amongst the trees within the garden choice,
Repaired now, as oftentimes before,
To recreate, and view the various store,
Even in the cool and dawning of the day,
The winds before Him veering off His way,—
Thinking to find, as heretofore He found,
Thine innocency upright, perfect, sound?
Adam (quoth God), why dost thou hide thy face?
What is the cause thou art so poor and base?
O, Heavenly God ! then Adam answered straight,
I was entrapp'd with such a pleasing bait
That made my reason, sense, and all to yield,—
My strength but weak within so strong a field,—
For why ? the woman which thou gavest me,
A help most meet and comfort sweet to be,
She of that tree did pluck but one in all,
And brought it to me as a sacred ball,—
The sight whereof, by her persuasion moved,
Whom more than gold and all the world I loved,
Straight in my arms began for to embrace,
And she entreating with her smiling face,
Gave me that apple in her lovely hand,
Which makes me thus before Thy sight to stand,
All naked, poor, lamenting of my fall,
As loth to speak when Thou at first did call.
She, she it was which gave me of that meat,—
By her enticement only did I eat :
If I have broke thy holy, heavenly laws,
Blame her, not me, for being first the cause!
Then God again unto the woman said,—
Why hast thou thus most treacherously betrayed
Thy loving husband, and thy darling dear,
Whom to displease thou oughtst in conscience
fear ?
He is thy head, thy Sovereign, Lord, and King,—
Why dost thou thus his feet in danger bring,

Insnaring him, thyself, and issue all,
 In woful danger of your souls to fall?
 Sweet God, quoth she, a foul misshapen beast,
 The ugly serpent, crawling on its breast,
 When but a little that I stept aside
 From my dear husband's best beloved side,
 A goodly fruit presented to my view,
 That in the midst of all the garden grew,—
 Persuaded much the only taste of it
 Would far increase my simple woman's wit;
 The touch thereof would sight and knowledge
 give

Never to die, but still as Gods to live,
 By which enticements snared in his trap,
 He shook the tree, and up I held my lap.
 That plum alone which fell into the same
 I kept it safe and to my husband came.
 But yet before his presence well I saw,
 Not thinking once of thine eternal law,
 By fresh allurements of that snaky wight,
 I viewed the same, and so of it did bite,
 The which, when as that I the deed had done
 Away he crawls, and leaves me all alone,—
 Mine eyes i' th' instant wofully did see
 The murrain elf had first beguiled me !

After a space comes the sentence:—

Accursed Devil, thrice damned is all thy race,—
 Thy wicked plots and secret actions base :
 What made thee wind within this winding snake,
 The shape of serpent in thy mind to take?
 What hast thou got for all thy villany?
 A beast thou liv'st, worse than a beast thou'lt die !
 And yet not die, for ever-during pain,
 For this thy treason shalt be sure to gain.
 The fire of my just wrath shall make thee gurne.
 As burning brass thy bowels scorched shall burn,—
 The worm of conscience shall torment thee ever,
 And like a vulture feed upon thy liver,—
 That still in death a horrid fearful smart
 Shall dying live to overload thy heart.
 Thy tongue shall be a sure and certain token
 How false to woman thy curst mouth has spoken ;

For in the same a forked sting shall be,
That after times may still thy envy see,—
And all her race shall thee torment and vex,
And thou again shalt scare her fearful sex,—
Lurking in dens and secret holes obscure,
To trap the just with baneful breath impure.
In every path, and out of every hedge,
Thy poison fell in human flesh shall wedge,
That when thou time and place to purpose feel
Thy venom'd tongue shall bite them by the heel.
The woman's seed in just revenge again,
Thy head shall break, and cursed action's bane,
When that sweet babe shall to the world be born
That heaven and earth with glory shall adorn.
O silly woman to be thus beguiled !
In sorrow now thou shalt bring forth thy child :
Thy husband now shall overrule thee still,
Thy fond desires be subject to his will.

Heaven's glorious judge to Adam also said,—
Because thy wife thou hast an idol made,
To trace her steps which lead to deadly sin,
Thou dost but now to feel thy woe begin.
Curst is the earth, and curst is for thy sake,—
The fruit thereof accursed will I make :
In great vexation, extreme labor, pain,
Toil, sweat, and dust, thou shalt much sorrow gain.
The earth henceforth shall now no more endure
Unless thou till, and much her sides manure ;
And when thou think'st thy barns, top full to fill,
Thy vintage stored with plenty at thy will,
In monstrous mows to pile a wondrous heap,
Then thistles, thorns instead thereof thou'lt reap.
Much like the beast, which on his belly feeds,
So shalt thou live, by herbs and garden seeds,
Till thou return unto the earth again
And that therein thy limbs all cold be lain.
This is the mother that thy body nurst ;
Out of the same thou wast taken first ;
Sorrow and sickness shall thy body burn,
For dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return.
O Heavenly God here is a judgment past,
Throughout the world eternally to last.
No writ of error can the same revoke,
When as the words by thine own mouth are spoke,

But that the same forever more must stand,
A just decree by Heaven's divinest hand ;
Drawn up above, in Eden ratified,
With all the angels in the world beside,
And all the powers of firmament, and all
To this decree consented at thy call.
Heaven's dearest Babe, whose fame shall perish
never,
Hath with his blood confirmed the same forever. . .

Adam no sooner had his judgments past
But God his mercy on his darling cast.
As one that never both of them forsakes
For one sole fault, but mild compassion takes,
Pities their want, and wails their foul abuse,
Tenders their good, admits a weak excuse ;—
Like to a father of a loving heart,
Loth with his son and daughter both to part,
Tho' much provoked by their folly mere
Still clothes them well, and makes them of good
cheer,—
So God above, whose love doth far surpass
The greatest love as yet that ever was,
For all their faults and foul enormous sins,
Yet clothes them warm, in well furred coats of
skins. . . .

Now winged Time, God's speedy messenger,
A nimble hasty posting passenger,
That hard by stood, recording what was past,
Up to the skies his eyes i' th' instant cast,
Spied Eve and Adam standing in the place,
Thus clothed both before th' Almighty's face,
When but commission from that sacred lip
He hath obtained, lets no advantage slip,
But mild and gently takes them by the hand,
Shows them the gate that to the East doth stand ;
Leads them along, lamenting of their fall,
For all their cries sets them without the wall,
Bars up the door with such an iron lever
As none alive that once can enter ever.

Thus ends the version of the *Paradise Lost*.
The remainder of the book is taken up with a
description of the barriers to a return,—an elab-

orate personification of the attributes of Justice, Mercy, and Love, who, with their appropriate surroundings, are set upon the eastern gate, "to keep the way of the tree of Life."

Having now traced the story with some regularity, we will go back a little to quote from each work, a portion of the introduction to one of the Books, as showing strong mutual resemblance, and also as disclosing the spirit and motive which prompted both authors in their labors. Milton thus opens his Seventh Book :

Descend from Heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art called, whose voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasean wing.
The meaning not the name I call ; for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but heavenly born,
Before the hills appeared, or fountain flowed,
Thou with eternal wisdom did'st converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her did'st play
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased
With thy celestial song up led by thee
Into the heaven of heavens, I have presumed
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy temp'ring : with like safety guided down,
Return me to my native element. . . .
Half yet remains unsung, but narrow bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere ;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged,
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues :
In darkness and with dangers compressed round,
And solitude : yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east. Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.

At the beginning of the Ninth Book he says:—

I now must change

These notes to tragic
If answerable style I can obtain

Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitation, unimplored,
And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse.

Here follows a corresponding introduction to
one of Peyton's strophes :

Urania, sovereign of the Muses nine,
Inspire my thoughts with sacred work divine,—
Come down from heaven, within my temples rest,
Inflame my heart, and lodge within my breast.
Grant me the story of this world to sing,
The Glasse of Time upon the stage to bring,—
Be aye within me by thy powerful might,
Govern my pen, direct my speech aright,—
Even in the birth and infancy of Time
To the last age, season my holy rhyme.
O, lead me on, into my soul infuse
Divinest work and still be thou my Muse.
That all the world may wonder and behold
To see Time pass in ages manifold,
And that their wonder may produce this end
To live in love, their future lives to mend. . . .
All-powerful God, when both by night and day
Incessantly my heart to thee did pray,
To ease my grief : and if it were thy will
To send me peace to walk up Sion's hill,
That in thy house where all thy saints do meet
My soul might sing, and offer odours sweet. . . .
Instead of peace, which I desire in haste
Thou sent'st me down a lovely virgin chaste
Noble Urania, soberly attired,—
Which when I saw with joy I much admired ;
Finding a friend, copartner, thus to be
A fit companion in my misery.
Great God of Heaven, upon my bended knees,
Before that face which every action sees,
Let me but know what good I ever wrought,—
That Thou in mercy thus on me hast thought?
Or have I not offended much Thy will,
That Thou my heart dost with Urania fill !
Eternal God what shall I give Thee
For Thy great love and favor showed to me?

If all the world within my power did stand,
And all therein was sole at my command
In thankfulness for all Thy mercies sweet
I'd all surrender, lay them at Thy feet !”

The child-like poetry of the older poet is here well set against the grand communings with spiritual things to which Milton was able to give expression.

We are well aware that the lines of Peyton show to much less advantage when placed beside the polished verse of Milton, than when read as an isolated work. Nor have we in these extracts done justice to the complete poem. We have selected those portions only which seemed to harmonize most fully with Milton. Many of the best passages are in the second division, which we have scarcely noticed, as it falls without our plan, unless the rapid view of coming events which the Angel shows to Adam, just before the final loss of Paradise, be compared with the more extended history of succeeding generations given by Peyton.

Before we began our task, when this curious book lay as a new and strange thing before us, we were strongly impressed, not only by the similarity of its plan to that of the *Paradise Lost* but by its own individuality,—the freshness and originality of its narrative. There are in the range of its contents lively pictures of men and manners, pathetic accounts of sufferings caused by religious bigotry; lessons of patience and long suffering useful for any and all times; lessons of loyalty peculiarly fitted for the poet's time; lessons in sound doctrine certainly needed in our time.

Nor is the dignity of the subject lowered by the faultiness of style manifest in the composition. The general character of this is rough: but it is often strong, and sometimes beautiful. We feel in reading it as we feel when meeting some old person whom nature has gifted with a solid and keen mind, which the experience of a

long and varied life has cut and sharpened to a brilliancy beyond our own elaborate polish. Toward such a one we have no spirit of fault-finding. Eccentricities of manner and homeliness of speech are forgotten in the usefulness of the truths enforced, and in the unconscious beauty of the thoughts expressed. Thus when we pore over the heavy lettering of these yellow pages, where, in most cases, the orthography is obsolete, and in many instances, the words themselves have lost their significance, where occasional mistakes are corrected with the pen, perhaps in the author's own hand—where every rhetorical change is noted in the margin, and every source of information and allusion honestly referred to: when, transported by these associations, we go back to that period of English history, and English life, and remember how much this man found to contend against, not only in his individual experience, but also in the comparatively rude state of letters and poverty of books: when, to sum up all, we can see so clearly the elaborate development of a long cherished idea, painfully thought out into language, and committed to the world with somewhat more than an author's ambition and desire, with a deep appreciation of the nobleness of his theme, and a pious wish to promote God's glory,—we forget his faults and crudities, we admire his thought and its expression, we look upon him as a poet in the highest sense,—a *creator*.

And then we consider his youth,—only *thirty-one* when the work was accomplished, as a vignette on the title page informs us. Surely this was a good fight in those days, when Time moved rather after the manner of the "Cycles of Cathay," than of the years of modern Europe.

This book should be reprinted. Its usefulness would be manifold. It would help to elucidate history, and to show the development of language; by contrast with the later and more perfect poem, it would demonstrate the vantage ground afforded by the large compass of scholar-

ship displayed in the latter: and while it impressed more deeply the thoughtful mind with the majestic superiority of Milton, it would give to this obscure poet, his rightful honor,—that of having been the first to tell in epic verse the story of the *Paradise Lost*.

Thus far was written in the *North American Review* in 1860. A few words more are appended by the writer of this Introduction who has carefully copied out the poem as it appears in the solitary printed copy in the British Museum:

Paradise Lost was the outgrowth of that great moral change which occurred in England from the latter half of Elizabeth's reign to the meeting of the Long Parliament. During this era the Bible became the one book, the absorbing study of the people, and no Englishman however illiterate, was ignorant of its sacred teachings. It was read aloud in the churches, at all private gatherings not of a frivolous character, and at the domestic fireside. And its sublime truths every where kindled a startling enthusiasm. Other causes than religion contributed to the popularity of the book. There was practically no literature in England at this period, no history, no romance, no poetry save the little known verse of Chaucer. It is not surprising then that crowds gathered at all the churches on Sundays to hear it read, and that it took entire possession of minds unoccupied by any rival literature. It thus became the standard of the English language, and its literary effect was less than its social. The power of the book over the mass of the people showed itself in a thousand superficial ways, and in none more conspicuously than in the influence it exerted on ordinary speech. It formed the whole literature, we must repeat, which was practically acceptable to ordinary Englishmen. The mass of picturesque allusion and illustration which in this day we borrow from a thousand books our fathers were forced to borrow from one; and the borrowing

was the easier and the more natural as the range of the Hebrew literature fitted it for the expression of every phase of feeling.

The whole character and temper of the people was changed and new views of life and man superseded the old. A new moral and religious impulse spread through every class. Literature reflected the general tendency of the time, and Grotius, the great jurist, who was the Dutch Envoy to England ten years after the death of Elizabeth, says: "Theology rules there—all point their studies in that direction." The whole nation became, in fact, a church. It cannot be doubted then that Thomas Peyton who had improved his natural parts with the acquisition of learning betook himself with zeal and religious devotion to the study of the Scriptures as a means of grounding himself in the principles of religion, and that we owe the following work as well to the spirit of the times as to his genius.

Very shortly after the completion of the present work, before he had had time to execute the continuation of the same which he promised, Peyton died at the early age of thirty-one, in the year 1626. No knowledge seems to have survived of his poem, and it only came to light about seventy years ago when Lord Bolland purchased the copy now in the British Museum at the sale of the late Mr. Brindley's library, Feb. 22d, 1816, paying for it £19. 5s., about \$97.00, and the title page of the second part or volume at the sale of the same gentleman's prints for £2. 12s. 6d. This poem is pointed out by Rev. Henry J. Todd, Archdeacon of Cleveland, in his life of Milton (Vol. I., p. 298), as one of those relating to the state of Innocence which preceded *Paradise Lost*. It was evidently unknown to Hallam and other writers on the literature of England, and it is due to the memory of the author, who was a man of genius, and a poet in the highest sense of the term, and to the literature of the seventeenth century that both the writer

and his work should be rescued from unmerited oblivion.

Little more remains to be told of our author. In none of our investigations have we been able to learn whether he ever married. It is most probable he died a bachelor. On a visit to the Parish church of Isleham, County Cambridge, England, a church built by the Peyton family, and where the tombs of many of them are still preserved, the writer could find no monument to his memory. He probably died and was buried in London, though no tablet in Westminster Abbey indicates that he found a resting place there. As little as we know of him, we can readily gather, from what he wrote, that he must have been a well informed and agreeable gentleman, as well as pious Christian, and that his talents were exerted to lead others into the same path of usefulness, in which his own steps had trodden. He evidently saw the value of learning and tried to induce others to study with the same zeal which undoubtedly rendered him conspicuous among his fellows. He must have felt deeply the value of Christianity and tried to lead others to the same waters of salvation in which he had so copiously and freely participated. His work shows that he was industrious and painstaking, of extensive learning and great humility. To which it is safe to say that he joined general benevolence and generosity to the poor.

His premature death, when he had already given evidence of rare genius and promise of future usefulness, cannot but be esteemed for England a national calamity as also a serious loss to our common literature—British and American. Dimly as he is seen through the mists which envelope his career he brings to mind some words of one of our popular writers: "It is interesting to notice how some minds seem almost to create themselves, springing up under every disadvantage and working their solitary but irresistible way through a thousand obstacles. Nature seems to delight in disappointing the assiduities

of art, with which it would rear dullness to maturity; and to glory in the vigor, and luxuriance of her chance productions. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds, and though some may perish among the stony places of the world, and some may be choked by the thorns and brambles of early adversity, yet others will now and then strike root even in the clefts of the rock, struggle bravely up into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birth-place all the beauties of vegetation."



INSCRIPTIONS.

TO THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTIE MONARCH,
JAMES BY THE GRACE OF GOD OF GREAT
BRITTAINE FRANCE AND IRELAND KING,
DEFENDER OF THE FAITH ETC.

Most powerful King,
This land hath ever knowne
In all her ages since her infant birth
Whose glorious fame o'er all the world is blowne:
Monarch of hearts, the chastest Muse on Earth,
Daigne but to cast thy (Royall) eye aside
Upon this worke, to be her (Princely) guide.

Then shall I sing to future ages all,
The sacred story of this spacious frame,
And warble forth the fortunes of this ball,
In all times past to thy renowned fame.
Give me but peace to end what I begin,
And thy dear browes shall heavens rich garland
win.

Oh I am plung'd on every side with foes,
Which seeke my ruin, to undo me quite,
To waste my state, more then it comes it goes.
Let me have justice, give my Muse her right:
They gripe my goods, and make me still their sport,
Whilst they retaine to thy admired Court.

Under that maske, they treade me in the dust,
Trample upon me with their hard bare feete.
Devouring all to satisfy their lust,
Leaving me (scarce) a simple winding sheete.
To reconvey my body to the ground,
All for a toy that I (untimely) found.

Wherein no hurt to any living man,
Themselves or others in the same is meant,
Yet am I (sifted) winnowed with a fan,
Turmoiled about in (sable) sorrowes pent :
O give me Peace, or heare my cause great King
Then shall my Muse thy worth divinely sing.

xxxiv. TO CHARLES PRINCE OF WALES.

And all the actions since the worlds beginning,
In every age shall then be brought to light,
The noblest, (grave) caused by our Grandesires
sinning,
Shall be revived out from oblivions night :
The times unmaskt, the world her fall shall see,
Even as my Muse shall favored be by thee.

Your maiesties most humble
and loyall subject,
THOMAS PEYTON.

TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE CHARLES PRINCE OF
WALES.

Most hopefull Prince, Europes richest gem,
Successor to these famous western Iles,
Chaste olive branch, descended of that stem,
Whose what he hath, all on thy fortune smiles:
Inheritor to such a Potent King,
As no age yet, his like could ever bring.

Brave Pearl of men, within whose lovely face,
The sacred Muses learned arts combine,
And all Heavens gifts from great Apollos race,
Apparent seem within thy browes to shine,
Thy fathers Doran, Kingly workes of state,
This more than needs as born but out of date.

Yet Royall Prince, let but thine eyes behold,
This lofty subject in these Rural rimes,
T'will more encourage than Earths purest gold,
To make my Muse to all succeeding times,
Blaze forth thy parts and high deserved fame,
That thy rare worth may all the world inflame.

As in a garden of sweet fragrant flowers,
Where each man takes what to his mind seemes
best,
Then sits him down within their pleasant bowers,
Peruseth all, and for a time doth rest,
Contented, joy'd (admiring) to have found ;
So great a change, in one small piece of ground.

So dearest Prince, within thy fathers workes,
 What Poesies sweet, grave sentences divine,
 Sad morall matter in each subject lurkes?
 To draw thy youth to trace him line by line,
 Whilst this may chance to recreate thy mind,
 As glimmering Luna in Sols absence shines.

Persist, go on, and as thy virtues won
 The Loyal love of every faithful heart,
 So to the end, thy course (directly) run,
 And winged Fame shall from thee never start,
 But scale the clouds and mount the lofty skyes,
 To sound thy worth as farre as India lies.

Your Highnesse in all humblenesse

THOMAS PEYTON.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, FRANCIS LORD
 VERULAM, LORD CHANCELOER OF ENGLAND.

Most honored Lord,
 Within whose revered face,
 Truth, Mercy, Justice, Love and all combine,
 Heavens dearest Daughters of Jehovahs race,
 Seeme all at full within thy browes to shine,
 The King himself (T^e immortalize thy fame)
 Hath in thy name foretiped out the same.

Great Verulam, my soul hath much admired,
 Thy courtly carriage in each comely part,
 Worth, Merit, Grace, when what the land desired
 Is powr'd upon thee as thy just desart,
 Grave liberal mind contending with the rest,
 To seat them all in thy judicious breast.

Thrice noble Lord, how dost thou prize of Gold,
 Wealth, Treasures, Mony and such Earthly cash?
 For none of them thou hast thy justice sold,
 But held them all as base (infected) trash
 To snare, allure, out from a dunghill wrought,
 The seared conscience of each muddy thought.

Weigh but my cause, refer me not to those,
That from the first were partiall in my right,
Ah this is more than once thine Honour knowes,
Thou seest mine owne hath now undone me quite,
Whilst by a trick they got me in their paw,
Against the order of thy Court and Law.

If I were such as some would have thee thinke,
I meane my foes which utterly defame,
Mine Innocence and altogether linke
To wound my state, and blemish much my name :
Yet justice wills, what in their hands hath laine,
Thus to my losse should be restored againe.

Ah dearest Lord, hold but the scales upright
Let Court nor favour oversway my cause,
To press me more than is beyond my might,
Is but their reach to crosse thy former Lawes,
Let me have Peace, or that which is mine owne,
And thy just worth shall o'er the world be blowne.

Your Lordships in all humblenesse,

THOMAS PEYTON.

TO THE READER.

The Title described.

Unto the Wise, Religious, Learned, Grave,
Judicious Reader, out this work I send,
The tender sighted that small knowledge have,
Can little lose, but much their weaknesse mend :
And generous spirits which from Heaven are sent,
May solace here, and find all true content.

A Paradise (presented) to each eye,
Within the vignet of the Title page,
Where Justice, Mercie, Nature, Love, do lie,
Before th' Almighty in the first sound Age.
Time stands betwixt, and Truth his daughter
beares,
His traine behind, a world of aged yeares.

Fierce Nemesis she mounts (within the Ayre)
On Pegasus, that winged Horse of fame,
And by her side a sword all naked bare,
Grave justice sits, a (sable) lowring Dame,
Under her feet the worlds most spacious Globe,
And weighs mens actions in a scarlet robe.

This may denote the goodly glorious worth,
The precious value, Maiestie and Grace
Of all the sisters (Glory of this Earth)
Gods dearest daughters in their several place,
Above the world, heavens crown their browes
 adorne,
To shew (at full) how they do (bribing) scorne.

Peruse it well for in the same may lurke,
More (obscure) matter in a deeper sence,
To set the best and learned wits on worke,
Then hath as yet in many ages since,
Within so small a little volumne beene
Or on the sudden can be found and seene,

Urania dear, attired in her silke,
To draw thee on with more attentive heed,
The weaker sort she sometimes feeds with milk
All guilty mens damn'd vices up to weede :
Th' envious Momes that her Chaste Muse doth
 touch,
She hopes to mend, but cares not for them much.

Thine to his power
THOMAS PEYTON.



THE
GLASSE OF TIME
IN THE FIRST AGE.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The author first, doth Gods assistance crave,
Throughout the worke that he his help may have;
The sacred Sabbaoth, Satans envious gall,
The woman fram'd, and mans most dismal fall;
The tree of Life protected from the Brute,
The tree of Knowledge with her fatal fruit:
For feare the world should be finally ended,
Gods dearest Daughters down in hast descended,
The flaming sword the tree of Life which guarded,
The Cherubims upon the Wall that warded.
The land of Eden is described at large,
Heavens judgment just to all mens future charge.*

1.

SINCE true examples in Gods holy Booke,
Are found of those that in it love to looke,
Of men whose Image, portraiture and soule,
Have beene transform'd to monstrous shapes and
soule

According as their lives have pleasing beene,
To him whose sight their secret thoughts hath
seene,

And as his goodnesse sacred is that some,
Should be examples for these times to come:
His Church to comfort, Pagans to appall,
To teach to us what did to them befall;
Within the stories of the new and old,
Of many more than can by me be told.

2.

And since that Ovid in a pleasing verse,
Doth pretty tales and metaphors rehearse,

Of men to birds, and then again to beasts,
 To make you parly at your welcome feasts:
 Whose fabled fictions warbled in that age,
 The infancy and sacred pupillage
 Of the religion which we here maintaine,
 Under our Soveraignes thrice most happy reigne;
 May seem from Moses and the rest divine,
 In 's metaphors to trace them line by line;
 In some I meane, and not in all his worke,
 For pleasant folly coucht, therein may lurke,
 Yet the allusion, and the meaning sure,
 May reference have unto the scripture pure,
 And though it shines as Titans westerne rayes,
 By some 'tis held but wanton in our dayes.

3.

But most of all the ripenesse of these times,
 The heavenly works up to the clouds that climes;
 The envious eye which overlookes our deeds,
 When each mans taste on sundry dishes feedes:
 The snarling cur at everything that bites:
 The slanderer Mome which no good work endites:
 The monster curst with his vile forked tongue,
 That from Hells vault up to the earth first
 sprung,

With Hydra-heads, and Janus double face,
 To fawn before, then wound to our disgrace:
 Hath made my muse unwilling heere to sing,
 As loath herself upon the stage to bring
 To each mans view, and her owne painefull toyle,
 But that the sight may many vices spoyle.

4.

When Sin we see unmasked brought to light,
 And damn'd offences naked to our sight:
 Like Jezabel that did the clouds aspire,
 In rusling silkes and glorious brave attire,
 Under a holy outward forme and rite,
 Gods chosen flock are fleec't and murdered quite,
 But once unmask't, the minions of her court
 Hurle her i'th durt, push out her braines in sport:
 And as a foul mishapen painted monster,
 Conceit of her as all the world doth conster:
 Then is she seene disrobed, disrank't of all,
 The map of folly in her sudden fall,

Her cup with poison, damned Envy fills,
 Her cursed eyes have seen those seven built hills,
 Where all the Saints, Apostles, Martyrs stood,
 With crimson colors all imbru'd in blood.

5.

O glorious God inspiror of my Muse,
 Grant that thy word my soul may daily use,
 And that what learning painfully is got,
 Still from the truth may never swerve a jot
 That in her spring, beginning and in her bud,
 May sing thy glory to the churches good,
 And in foul folly none asleepe I rock
 Nor give offence to any of thy flock:
 But that my speech as general to all,
 May like a Sermon in the Pulpit fall:
 And not to wade in curious questions deepe,
 But feede thy flock and edify thy sheepe,
 That none at all may have a just excuse,
 By such examples as I shall produce,
 And all that see their faults, their lives may
 mend,
 That to thy glory I this worke may end.

6.

Then shall the world with admiration see,
 Her fall unmask't to all eternitie;
 The famous actions heretofore lay dead
 Shall then be rouzed out from oblivions bed.
 And all the noblest kingdoms ever known,
 Will be reviv'd, within my verse be shown,
 Their manners, customs, nature and their state,
 Their end, beginning, fortune and their fate,
 From Adam first throughout in every age,
 Shall heere be mustered on this publick stage,
 In Rural robes to give to Earth content,
 How heretofore the ages past were spent.

7.

O that my muse might once but rest in peace,
 Then would she sing divinely, never cease,
 But worke out Truth within her holy Rimes,
 Gliding along descending to our times,
 And dear Urania Sovereigne of my verse,
 Should heere the glory of this world rehearse,

Unfolding still to Gods immortall glory,
The heavenly sweetness of a sacred story.

8.

What may we think of all the judgments just,
Of great Jehovah buried in the dust;
Beside all those in Holy Scriptures pend,
Which human wit as yet could never mend,
Nor all the Rabbies in their learned fame;
Could ever tell how to correct the same:
Shall we go on, and still be bold to thinke,
He'll punish them, and on us always winke;
For some of them the earth itself did gape,
How can we know that we are sure to 'scape,
The angel which against the Lord did swell,
He quite cashier'd, and cast him down to Hell:
Where being bound eternally in chains,
They feel the torments of ten thousand pains,
Far more than can expressed be in ink,
And all the world, and sinfull man can think.

9.

Adam what made thee, wilfully at first,
To leave thy offspring, to this day accurst;
So wicked foul, and overgrown with sinne;
And in thy person all of it beginne?
That hadst thou stood in innocence fram'd,
Death, Sin, and Hell, the world and all thou hadst
tamed.

Then hadst thou been a Monarch from thy birth;
Gods only darling both in Heaven and Earth:
The world and all at thy command to bend,
And all Heavens creatures on thee t' attend.
The sweetest life that ever man could live;
What couldst thou ask but God to thee did give?
Protected kept thee like a faithful warden,
As thy companion in that pleasant garden
No canker'd malice once thy heart did move:
Free will thou hadst endude from him above.
What couldst thou wish, all worlds content and
more?

The best Divine that ere the Earth yet bore,
Gods only sonne, the Prince of Peace except,
For thy sad fall how oft mine eyes have wept.

10.

Alas weak man, hadst thou in honour stood
 How heavenly blest, thrice happy been thy blood?
 And all thy aged issue to this day
 Had liv'd secure, as in the month of May.
 What need had we, that any should have died
 Upon the Cross, our sinful souls reviv'd?
 And that Messiahs, God himself the son,
 Should here descend to put our nature on,
 To live dejected, poore, contemn'd, forlorn'd,
 Derided, beate, tost upside down and scorn'd.
 And more, to bear for this thy woful fall,
 Than ever man which lived upon this ball.
 Curst be that Devill that first thy sense belied;
 If thou hadst lived, then we had never died.
 Oh God! to purchase with that bloody cost,
 Our soules redeem'd when they were fully lost.
 Here is a love which farre surmounts the skies,
 My senses wrapt and dazles both mine eyes.

11.

But tell me Adam, what might be the cause
 That thou shouldst break thy holy Makers lawes.
 When of a thousand which might make us weepe,
 In all the world thou hadst but one to keepe,
 And that but light? Alas couldst thou not sec,
 But touch and taste that one forbidden tree,
 Which in the midst of all the garden grew,
 An ill known tree to make thy off-spring rue?
 What pleasant taste or relish had the same?
 How were thy senses dim'd and much to blame,
 That had the Garden sole at thy command
 And all the fruits within thy sight to stand:
 Farre better, pure, more daintier every way,
 Than such an apple painted like a gay:
 Fit for a woman or some lickorish foole,
 A silly child, or one that goes to schoole.

12.

Thy wilfull, foul, absurd and gross abuse,
 Against thy God, admits no just excuse,
 Tis not the losse of one poor Apple mist
 That thou didst grapple in thy sinfull fist,
 Could be the cause his anger to procure,
 Fierce heavy wrath eternal to endure.

It was not that he did so much respect,
 But thy foul error, wilfull, bad neglect :
 Contempt of him, rebellion, treason, pride ;
 And all the sins within the world beside,
 That linked were within thy fault at first,
 Chain'd to thy act, and in thy folly nurst.

13.

What may we think of that ambitious Pope,
 Which dar'd to scoffe under heavens glorious
 cope,
 Against that God, that in his sacred frown
 Turns up his heels, and hurles his pride soon
 down ?

When having miss'd a simple childish toy,
 A Peacock bird which seem'd his only joy.
 Distempered much began in heat to chide,
 That few men could his holy presence bide.
 And afterward asham'd of what was past,
 To shew his chollor not long time did last ;
 Excused himself, that he might angry be,
 As well for that, as was the Trinitie.
 When discontented for an apple lost,
 Both *Eve* and *Adam* to their pain and cost,
 From Paradise were thrust quite out and beaten,
 And much disgrac'd for one poor Apple eaten.

14.

Now tell me Rome, that thinkst thyself the
 minion,
 Christs only Vicar in thine owne opinion ?
 And shouldst his sheep still to this day have fed :
 Where was thy Church when *Julius* was thy
 head ?

Thy Papacy I may not here dispute,
 As yet my tongue must of that thing be mute.

15.

And back to Adam whence I last digrest
 Too fortunate my Muse had been and blest,
 Had it but sung thy first estate and all,
 And never known the horror of thy fall.
 A greater love on man was never shewn,
 Nor on the Earth as yet was ever known,
 Then all the world to be at thy command,
 Still to this day to serve thy turn and stand :

All that again, for this he did require,
 To keep the Garden that was his desire,
 At other times to his immortall fame,
 That thou shouldst praise his glorious holy name.

16.

Here was thy calling (Adam) naught; beside,
 His owne example must thy actions guide.
 Sixe dayes to worke, to till that holy ground;
 And in the Seventh, thy Makers prayers sound.
 For as at first, thou wast a body framed;
 So time and place himself he hath ordain'd,
 Design'd, appointed for his service pure,
 Not for a day, but ever to endure.
 By this thou knowst that he thy person blest,
 To give thee then his holy sacred rest,
 And sanctifie the Sabaoth to thy good;
 Aye to be kept in all thy future blood.
 Those that refuse to keepe his Sabaoth holy,
 Gods owne example may convince of folly.

17.

But soft, I hear some Laodicean make,
 Even Sinon like, the ground of all to shake.
 To stay my pen with such a question strange;
 As first from Rome, now o'er the world doth
 range.

How God could rest, which never wrought as
 yet,

For he that workes, his labour must be great
 To frame a matter of so huge a worth,
 As is the fabrick of the spacious Earth,
 The sea and Heavens, the Firmaments and all,
 Which ever yet within thy sight could fall.

18.

Oh righteous God that sinfull man should make,
 Within his mouth thy holy world to take:
 And by the same thy sacred actions taxe,
 To wring them now like to a nose of wax.
 To make a doubt and question of that Rest,
 Which to the world for ever thou hast blest.

19.

Tis true, I know when God first fram'd the
 world,
 The waters all within their limits curled,

The Firmaments and every living thing,
 Out from the dust he then did *Adam* bring :
 Made him a man, a demi-God in birth,
 Plac'd him his Vice-roy here upon the Earth.
 And by his power all sacred and Divine,
 So framed the world as if he had wrought by
 line,

Set all in order working in their time,
 Like to the wheels within a clock or chime,
 To serve the turn of Adam and his race,
 And all these made but full in six days space.

20.

Then did he rest and sate himself down to view,
 And to the heavens up again he flew :
 And from the work which by his word he
 wrought,

In sixe days space, and seeing none was nought,
 But from creating any further matter,
 He only ceas'd and lest the same might scatter,
 And so return to what it was at first,
 His providence his works hath ever nurst :
 Aye by his power, his wisdom and his might,
 The Heavens and Earth are governed aright.
 He worketh still preserving what was made,
 Far more than can by any man be said :
 His arms supporting all this weighty ball,
 Else would the same dissolve againe and fall.

21.

O God thy rest hath ever been admired,
 Seene of thy Saints, and of my soul desired !
 The Pagan people to this day that slept
 In ignorance, have yet a Sabaoth kept !
 The Jew at first with Manna wondrous fed,
 His Sabaoth kept by thy example led :
 Though now in error great he snores and sleeps,
 The Saturday his Sabaoth still he keepes.

22.

No Christian State is so uncivil rude,
 But keeps thy rest as thou hast him endued :
 With grace and goodness from the Prince of
 Peace,
 The Sunday he from all Worlds worke doth
 cease,

Led thereunto by that all rising Son,
 On Easter day, that rose again and won
 The eternal crown in Paradise first lost
 A bloody prize to his great pain and cost.
 Besides the examples of thy dearest saints,
 Thine institution and the holy plaints,
 Of all th' apostles, famous men and Martyrs,
 In all the world within her utmost quarters :
 Which ever used to preach thy word and pray,
 And sanctifie the sacred Sabaoth day.
 The Ethiopian, lest he should offend
 To break thy rest in superstition pend,
 The Saturday and Sunday both he keeps,
 And in those days he often prays and weeps,
 That thou wouldst pardon all his former sins,
 There is his rest, his happinesse begins :
 In childish toys, in gaming, sports and plays,
 He spends small time but keeps his Sabaoth
 days.

23.

Their royal Queene which came so many miles
 (With cunning questions, witty speeches, wiles)
 To tempt, to hear and see the courtly guise,
 The wit and words of Solomon the wise,
 May rise in judgement at that dreadful hour,
 When Christ may also on our faces lower,
 That more respect our pleasures work and play,
 Than him to serve upon his sacred day.

24

What shall we think when Christ the Lord of
 life,
 Which shed his blood to end our mortal strife ?
 Shall speake these words out of his holy lips.
 And not a word as yet that ever slips :
 But still hath been most weighty powerful round,
 One jot thereof hath never fell to th' ground.
 When he himself shall thus pick out their Prince,
 To warn us all our follies to convince,
 May we not think as well he meant her land,
 Now at this day as it is known to stand,
 Shall likewise rise at his last trump and call,
 To stain our lives and shame our actions all.

25.

Father of lights, which dwellest in a light,
That farre exceeds our Owly bleared sight :
What will become of all our learned wit,
When Jesus Christ at thy right hand shall sit,
To make our peace and step twixt thee and us,
And we in vice to run our course on thus,
To anger thee so good and just a God,
Not once afraid of thy revenging rod :
But in the day that thou didst early rise,
Of death and Hell to get th' immortall prize,
In which we were partakers of thy blood
And body both unto our sovereigne good.

26.

And when we should repent us of our sins,
By true contrition, which thy mercy wins :
Engrafted made the members of that head,
Whose precious blood our souls but then hath fed,
Relieve the poor, examine well our fall,
In meditation spend the day and all,
And when we should thy sacred praises sing,
To make thy people all the while to ring,
Whilst we at Games shall sometimes curse and
fret,

And all for three pence which we cannot get,
And shall maintaine our sinful deeds in Churches,
And run ourselves to gather up the lurches :
Those that behold us with repentant eyes,
We call them fools and Puritans precise ;
And when the best our company do shun,
Home to their house we send for them and run.

27.

Pardon us Lord, forgive our great misdeeds,
Cull out thy wheat, and pluck out all the weeds,
Which wrong thy people by their ill example,
The truth neglect in ugly vice to trample.
Though our Religion we may seem to halve,
Like to the Jews which made the Golden Calve,
In Aarons time, and on their holy day,
Did eat and drink, and rose again to play
If these men by their rude uncivil sport
Thy Majestie did anger in such sort,

That had not *Moses* knowing of their fall,
 In zeal besought thee they had perished all,
 His great desire thy fury could not stay,
 But that three thousand fell within one day,
 Their guerdon just no living man can tell,
 But very like they had gone downe to Hell,
 All quick alive amongst the damned bad,
 The punishment which after *Korah* had.

28.

We see (alas) both grace and goodnesse lurkes
 Within the hearts of fierce and cruel Turkes,
 Of Saracens and Pagan people rude,
 Which with thy truth were never yet indued,
 Before such time as their seducer nurst,
 By *Sergius* help most dangerously at first,
 A baneful poison to infect their blood,
 O'erflows the Earth much like to *Noahs* flood :
 Yet these alone by thy example led,
 Or by the light of nature in them bred,
 Have ever kept the Friday in that worth,
 Long time before the most untimely birth,
 Of *Mahomet* that anti-Christ indeed,
 Who found it so and left it to their seed.

29.

Besides a world of other people more,
 That here I could produce in ample store,
 Which ever kept a holy resting day,
 Abstaining then from all rude works and play,
 The Indian people have a rest allow'd,
 And those of *Java* that to Idols bow'd,
 The negro black and rich Peguan left,
 Have each of them a funerall Sabaoth kept,
 The sacred Sybils, with their frantick mother,
 Have still prefer'd one day to another.

30.

We have great God that which these never
 knew,
 Thine own example and the scriptures true,
 Thy all divine and holy moral law,
 Which these as yet have never heard or saw,
 Ingrosted in *Sinah* writ twice by thy hand,
 To shew the same for evermore should stand.

Both in the law and in the Gospells light,
 To come to Church and praise thy name aright,
 Else how should we thy glorious worthe extol,
 But like to swine live all at home and loll:
 And never think how thou at first didst take,
 A little earth and so our bodies make,
 Our Souls infuse in Paradise us plaste
 Till for our sins we soon from thence were cast,
 Gav'st us this world Christ Jesus sent besides,
 Which wrought our life out from his bleeding
 sides.

31.

But soft I hear that some upon this clause,
 Have ventur'd far to abrogate the laws,
 The holy rest a Jewish Sabaoth call,
 Have us live free, tied to no law at all:
 But then (alas) what would become of us,
 That sift God's actions, tempt his highnesse thus,
 Of all the laws that to the Jews he gave,
 But ten of them in all the world we have,
 And those reduc'st for fear they may be lost,
 May be compil'd but into two at most:
 These far more weighty ponderous than the rest,
 Were by his glorious sacred mouth exprest,
 And Christ himself that death and hell did tame,
 Hath not abolish'd it but confirm'd the same;
 Else what meant he when often times he said,
 The heavens and earth, the sea and all shall fade,
 Before such time that Gods eternal word,
 One jot or tittle shall thereof be stird,
 Did this his coming breed a doubt and flaw,
 Still to destroy, and not fulfill the law?
 Have not the Prophets told long since before,
 Of this our Sabaoth which we now adore?

32.

Tis true that some even in our christian law,
 Which have the arts and learned Muses saw,
 Yet have alledged as their assertion,
 Upon this place anticipation,
 Affirming *Moses* when these words were writ,
 In *Genesis* and still are extant yet,
 Then knew the rest and Sabaoth of the Jews,
 But this to me seemes rather uncouth news:

For can we think *Moses* did intend,
 When first of all that *Genesis* was pen'd,
 These should forego and be inserted best,
 As an introduction to the *Sabaoth* rest,
 That the command cannot be firm and strong,
 Unless these words did guide it all along,
 Upon this place still trained up and nurst,
 As grounding it on Gods example first.

33.

What can they say to all the ancient men,
 The Patriarchs and holy fathers then,
 Before the law which lived long and blest,
 Yet ever kept a sacred seemly rest,
 To serve their God to give him thanks and pray,
 That late preserved them from that lowering day,
 In which the world and all therein was found,
 Besides the ark were wash'd away and drown'd.

34.

And to the Jews that were with Manna fed,
 Over the mountains forty years were led :
 Which in the Arabian vasty deserts were,
 Tipe of our church that God himself did rear,
 Our affliction, hunger, heat and cold,
 O'er hills and dales and highest mountains rolled,
 Until at length with wandering hither, thither,
 Like sheep disperst fould all at last together.

35.

When oft they murmur'd, much repin'd and
 griev'd,
 Until their God their bodies had reliev'd,
 By sending Quails more thick than any hail,
 Upon their fields quite over hill and dale :
 And showing down a pearly dew at need
 In shew much like to *Coriander* seed,
 Sixe days together did this Manna fall,
 And in the seventh was sent them none at all :
 But in the day before the *Sabaoths* rest,
 Full twice so much as other days at least,
 They gathered up, and till the morrow kept,
 In which they eat, and prayed to God (and wept
 To pardon those which on that sacred day
 Durst seek the fields to find the same and play.

36.

But yet admit the holy law be past,
 And that in Christ the same away he wash't:
 Yet the Apostles instituted sure,
 A sacred day, a holy rest and pure:
 The Church of God they planted well and
 watered,
 And but the day they only chang'd and altered,
 In which the flock they trained along and fed
 them,
 As God above in 's holy spirit led them.
 And ever since the Christians kept that day,
 To hear the word, to come to church and pray:
 For God is good, and will be mockt of none,
 His glorious face the Saints behold alone.

37.

Paul the Apostle that was after call'd,
 When Jesus Christ was in th' heavens install'd:
 Both with the word and holy spirit annointed:
 The Christian Sabaoth in Gods church appointed:
 To meet together, hear his voice divine,
 The scriptures search, and trace them line by
 line;
 To preach and pray, to lay up for the poore,
 For all the Saints to open wide the doore.

38.

That sweete Disciple whom the Lord of life
 More dearly loved, than any faithful wife
 (Which ever yet upon the Earth was bred)
 Could seem to shew unto her lordly head.
 The last of all more loving than the rest,
 Which lean'd at supper 'pon Jesus' breast
 And stay'd behind his holy Church to guide:
 His fellows thought he should n'er have died.

39.

When by Domitians spightful cruel word,
 O'er all the world hot persecution stir'd:
 Though often times before he had scaped the
 pawes,
 Of barbarous Tyrants, and their cursed lawes
 Liv'd still secure, as not afraid of fire,
 Sword, famine, murder, in their devillish ire.

Yet at the length, at his most damn'd command,
 Againe he's caught, subjected to their hand;
 And in a Tun of hot and scalding Oile,
 He hurles his body o'er the fire to boil.
 But seeing that could do no good at all,
 Worse than a Devil, most treacherously doth
 fall

To stratagems, inhumane actions vile,
 To banish him in *Pathmos* wandering ile,
 Mongst savage beasts which lurke in every
 bower

With open mouth his body to devoure.

40.

Where solitary in that untred place,
 Christ Jesus shewd his glorious burnisht face,
 Whose feete like Brasse, and eyes as flames of
 fire;

Ravisht Johns spirit, made his soul admire
 To see the Lord, which for our sins late dy'd.
 His Christian Sabaoth from the Jewes divide,
 By that all powerful sharpe two edged sword,
 His glorious holy milde majesticke word:
 His owne example to th' Apostles all,
 That on this day was ever seen to call,
 To come amongst them, and to shew his face,
 To distribute his goodness and his grace.
 This great Apostle to heavens potent Prince,
 The Lords day he hath call'd it ever since.

41.

Tis writ i' th' Hebrews if the law be ceast,
 That to Gods people there remains a rest,
 From sin to cease his holy name to praise,
 Together flock our meditations raise
 Above the clouds, to that commanding King,
 Which out of darkness did our senses bring,
 Disperst the truth, and by his sacred might
 Plac'd all our thoughts w'thin the Gospels light,
 O let it never sink within my brest,
 But to Gods people should remaine no rest:
 That toyle and travell painfull worke always,
 And Hoddy Loddy, Topsy Turvy play.

42.

Tis true they say, that *Constantine* the Great,
 First Emperor of all the Christian seate :
 A learned, wise, religious councill call'd,
 Himself amongst them in his robes install'd,
 An order set, abuses foul corrected :
 Reform'd the Church which Arrians infected.
 Establisht Peace, ador'd the Royal Law ;
 Made penalties to keepe them more in awe.
 And by his power as head of all the Earth,
 Christs government was now but in her birth :
 According to the word and scriptures pure,
 Confirm'd our Sabaoth ever to endure.

43.

In every age since first the world was made,
 God shewed his judgements on those men who
 wade
 Beyond the truth, profanely still devise
 To break his rest and publish wicked lies.

44.

As for example, though I could produce
 A multitude, that none might plead excuse
 (Before his justice) at that dreadful barre,
 For leading others in a maze so farre.
 And yet of them, but three in all i'll cite,
 As fitting to the times wherein I write :
 To shew how God had ever hated, curst,
 The very place that Sabaoth breakers nurst.

45.

The ancient Jewes which in Arabia walked
 Before the law, when God with *Moses* talked,
 And bade him warn the people all, that none
 Should dare to gather (every one alone)
 More than an Omer of that blessed food
 Which fell from heaven unto their sovergne
 good.

And in the day before the Sabaoth rest,
 Two Omers full (as is before exprest)
 Should then be gathered, rosted, bak'd and sod
 But in the rest mind nothing else but God.

46.

How hath that food reliev'd the lingering mind,
 Of those his people, whom true love did bind

In awfull feare, divinely wondrous fed,
 And only in the light of nature led?
 Those which abused his sacred rest and grace,
 How did it then infect the aire and place
 With putrification, loathsome, deadly, ranke,
 In noisome manner o'er the earth it stanke,
 Until such time that God above did please,
 To clear the air and send them better ease:
 Caused all that was so lewd profanely got,
 To waste, dissolve, consume away and rot.

47.

The next example of his judgements great,
 Was in those days that Babylon did beat
 The chosen people, and the holy nation,
 With such a scourge, as since the worlds foundation,

Was never heard as yet in any land;
 To feel the weight of his most heavy hand:
 For profanation of his sacred day,
 In carrying burdens, toiling worke and play
 In revel rout, and such fantasticke sport
 Ev'n from the greater to the meaner sort.
 All run from church to damn'd offences foul,
 Neglecting still the danger of their soul.
 But God above although he often manned
 Their chosen Host by his victorious hand,
 Brought them from Egypt through the Red-Sea
 waves

When mighty Neptune foams aloft and raves:
 And in despite of envious fortune fate,
 Great powerful rivals and their deadly hate,
 Led them at length with all the venturous host,
 And plac'd their feet upon the promised coast,
 Yet for their foul abusing of his rest,
 In all those things which are above exprest,
 He sends the plague, pale famine, sword and
 fire,

Four furious foes to execute his ire,
 Toppl'd down their walls their Temple desolated,
 Their City sack't and land depopulated:
 That for the space of three score yeeres and ten,
 It lay untill'd, and had her rest as then.

48.

O holy God, was ever thing more plain
 Than these thy judgements on thy flock again,
 Upon thy land? what stoney heart but fears,
 To give them now a Sabaoth just of years,
 For all their foul abuses, wicked, lewd,
 As in my worke shall more at large be shew'd.

49.

The third example of his wrathful frowne,
 Was lately shewn upon Geneva towne;
 The Imperial goodly christain city chaste,
 Within the Duke of Savoy's country plast,
 Whose people wise, religious, sober, true,
 Not given to wine with drunken Bacchus crew;
 Nor to those foul abuses which abound,
 Within our Isle, and o'er the earth now sound;
 But ever been of civil chaste behaviour
 Neate in attire, and of a comely favour:
 So decent in the actions which they wrought,
 That every man which saw their City thought
 Jerusalem before it was abated,
 Had been divinely to that place translated,

50.

And yet these men that have the rest outstript,
 In one thing still themselves have overslipt
 Upon Gods rest, his sacred Sabaoth day,
 To shoot their guns about the fields and play,
 Untill a custome is a lawful pleasure
 Upon that day grew far beyond all measure;
 So that their Churchmen, reverened Preachers
 grave,

Let them alone careless their souls to save.

51.

But God above to shew his anger just,
 Upon these people for their lawless lust,
 In violating of his sacred rest,
 A fury sent their country to molest:
 Fierce horrid warre now thunders on their land,
 The Pope, the Spaniard and the French King
 stand

All linkt together, to undermine her wall,
 Expecting thus a conquest by her fall.

52.

Alas Geneva how art thou beset,
 With three such foes as in Europa yet,
 Were never known so strongly to combine,
 To sack a towne, extracted from their line?
 What can thy shooting with those guns avail,
 If God forsakes thee, how thy foes prevail?
 Weakens thy strength, abateth much thy store,
 Mewes up thy campe, and makes thee extreme
 poore,

Ransackes thy country all thy land belurches,
 And brings thee now to be reliev'd in churches.
 These eyes of ours have seen the worst and
 best,

And judgement past for breaking of his rest.

53.

That Anti-Christ which in the scriptures pure,
 Is prophecied to come amongst us sure.
 Began to shew his cursed fall on Earth,
 Sixe hundred years after the glorious birth,
 Of that sweet Babe the man, God, Christ and
 King,

Which came on earth, our souls to Heaven to
 bring,

By the Alcoran on his Sabaoth day:
 Discardeth quite all gaming, sports and play,
 Denounceth judgement on the heads of all,
 Which on that day in those offences fall:
 And brands the Devil an actor in all games,
 Void of Religion yet such sports he blames,
 As good for little but to swear and cup,
 Fit instruments to bring new quarrels up.

54.

The parable of Christ upon the Earth,
 Is of such weight, and glorious heavenly worth,
 Which by the sea to multitudes he spake,
 What living man but at the same must wake,
 To see how God like to a husbandman,
 Works up his ground as well as e'er he can,
 Winnowes the seed, and sifteth every grain,
 In hope at harvest by the same to gain,
 But that the Devil in th' infant follows hard
 Whose cursed seede the goodly field hath mard;

Throwes round about as much as in him dares,
In every place to sowe his wicked tares.

55.

How can we think to 'scape Gods judgement just,
Fond men (alas) that are but earthly dust :
Weake silly worms when he shall on us lower,
Then are we but a winters withered flower,
That such conceits within our hearts should
lurk

To tempt his love, examine thus his worke,
And what himselfe from heaven above hath
taught

To sleight it ov'r, and it hold idle naught.

56.

Although most true in Paradise at first,
His owne example hath the Sabaoth nurst,
The Patriarcks and all the holy men,
Before the law obscur'd their rest as then :
And his command to keep us more from sinning,
Hath a *memento* in the first beginning,
The heathen men even from the worst to best,
In every age still kept a seamely rest,
And all the saints, Apostles, men and Martyrs,
Throughout the world, in all her utmost quarters,
The general councils, learned fathers grave,
Those God above elected hath to save,
The greatest kings, and noblest personages,
Throughout the world, in all her former ages,
The fearful judgements, on that holy Land,
Which he did plant against all foes to stand,
The Lord of Life, Christ Jesus on the Earth,
(Then all before we prize him better worth)
Ordain'd himself our rest upon this day,
To come to Church, to hear the word and pray,
Yet we contemne and not respect the least
But others leade to breake the Sabaoth rest.

57.

Grant heavenly God that evermore my heart,
May upright be, and from thee never start,
But that my soule the purest of my thought,
May be with love, like to an Anvil wrought,
To make a conscience of thy sacred day,
To reade thy word, within the Church to pray,

That all my life until my glasse be run :
 Be not offensive to thy dearest son,
 Which sits triumphant farre above the skies,
 Grant that I may behold him with mine eyes,
 And when I shall appear before thy face,
 Then may I find thy mercy, goodness, grace,
 And not thy justice for offences past
 But let thy love be ever on me cast :
 Even in the day that some men dreame of least,
 Place him betwixt us, give my soul her rest.

58.

And yet Great God, thou hast not so restrained
 Our liberty, but that thou hast ordained
 At vacant times from serious meditations,
 To ease of ourselves in honest recreations,
 Such as all others to no vice allure,
 Nor in our minds shall adde a thought impure :
 But that our sports, our actions and our playes,
 May praise thy name the rest of all our days.

59.

The *Puritant*, he is again as nice
 As those uncivill in their clamorous vice,
 That all the week with superstition fed,
 To good conceits of others scarce are led :
 Adopted sons, elected bretheren wise,
 To think all damn'd beside their sect precise :
 Pure hypocrite under a formal cloak,
 That on Gods rest must draw the Jewes yoke,
 And walke to church as if his steps he told,
 To make no fire but sup his broth up cold :
 And many things which if I here should tell :
 I might too long upon the matter dwell.
 But whither is my Muse transported now,
 Beyond her compass far away and how
 Comes it to passe that she hath rambled thus
 About the Earth these questions to discuss,
 In every age her sacred holy Rimes,
 To walk along descending to our times,
 And tax the world of unbeseeing plays,
 To reprehend the abuses of these days.

60.

And all this while is Adam still alone
 In Paradise, and company hath none,

Unlesse sometimes God comes himself and sallies?
 Before his eyes within those pleasant allies.
 Then is he glad his heart doth leap for joy,
 He runs and skips much like a little boy
 That goes to school, alweary at his booke,
 Is glad to peeke in every bush and looke
 (With those his fellowes) for some birds nest,
 Their company his mind still pleases best.

61.

So art thou Adam when thou art all alone,
 Then dost thou grieve, complaine and make thy
 moan

Unto the Earth, the Aire, the winds and trees,
 But God above thy present want that sees,
 Comes down himself to give thee all content
 One of thy ribs out of thy body rent
 And make a creature of such wondrous fame,
 That heaven and Earth have since admired the
 same

To be thy solace in his absence pure,
 And glad thy heart, binding thy love more sure,
 To him at first without thine owne direction,
 Gave thee a *Phenix* of such rare perfection
 So sweet an eye, and pretty pleasing looke,
 Like adamant and glittering sugred hooke,
 She draws thy love to mind her speeches more,
 Than God himselfe that gave thee her in store.

62.

Now art thou compleat (Adam) all beside
 May not compare to this thy lovely bride,
 Whose radiant tress in silver rays to wave,
 Before thy face so sweet a choice to have,
 Of so divine and admirable mould
 More dainter farre than is the purest gold,
 And all the jewels on the earth are borne,
 With those rich treasures which the world adorne.

63.

Though God at first this Earth for thee hath made,
 The creatures all at thy command to trade:
 The Sunne and Moone ordained to be thy light,
 The Stars and all unto their utmost might,
 The world itself and Paradise the place,
 Where all this love hath ever given thee grace:

Yet all of them compared in every part,
Cannot content and satisfie the heart,
Untill thy God even with his sacred rest,
Had given thee this to make thee perfect blest.

64.

For presuppose as then thou stoodst before
Though all the world thou hadst in ample store,
Plenty of wealth and gold at thy command,
And all the creatures in the Earth to stand
Before thy face subjected to thy will,
And thou the Lord of Paradise yet still.
No man besides which dare oppose thy power,
Hem'd in with angels in that sacred tower,
And God himself within that holy place,
Unmaskt his browes to show his glorious face :
Yet at the best that ever wit can scan
Thou leadst thy life but like a single man.

65.

But now thy God hath perfect made thy state,
Linckt thee in marriage with so choice a mate,
Himselfe the Priest which brought her to thy
hand,
And knit the knot that ever more must stand,
Ring'd her with virtue, glorious beauty chaste,
Upon thy self and no man else to waste,
Made her the Tipe our senses all to rouse,
Of Christ himselfe, and of the Church his spouse :
And charged the angels for thy fence and guard,
Of nothing now, but one thing thou art bar'd.

66.

As the two lights within the Firmament,
So hath thy God his glory to thee lent,
Compos'd thy body exquisite and rare,
That all his works cannot to thee compare,
Like his owne Image, drawne thy shape divine,
With curious pencil shadowed forth thy line :
Within thy nostrhils blowne his holy breath,
Impal'd thy head with that inspiring wreath,
Which binds thy front, and elevates thine eyes
To mount his throne above the lofty skyes,
Summons his angels in their winged order,
About thy browes to be a sacred border :

Gives them in charge to honour this his frame,
All to admire and wonder at the same.

67.

But Lucifer that soard above the skye,
And thought himself to equal God on high,
Envies thy fortunes, and thy glorious birth,
In being fram'd but of the basest earth,
Himself compacted of pestiferous fire,
Assumes a Snake to execute his ire
Winds him within that winding crawling beast,
And enters first whereas thy strength was least.

68.

Damn'd wicked Devil what made thee thus to
spight,
Our Grandam Eve, and holy Adam Right,
What hurt have they or either of them said
That thou a trap and secret snare hath laid?
To bane their youth and undermine their wall,
To gain a curse upon their wofull fall:
Thy false proceedings in thy actions best,
How doth the world thy cunning sleights detest?
Which since that time in many ages past
In every corner of the Earth are cast,
How hast thou mallicst one that hurt thee not?
When all thy envy upon *Job* was shot,
Transforming thus thy cursed scourge and rod,
Into the shape just of the child of God

69.

At another time thy nimbleness and flight
Above the clouds, will be an angel bright,
And through the air close in a fiery waggon,
Thoul't sometimes mount as monstrous as a
Dragon,
And when thou list thou any shape canst take,
Even from an angel to an ugly snake.

70.

The four maine wheels on which thy cart doth
move,
Are Ravin, Lust, and want of Grace and Love,
The fabled horses which thy chariot led,
Have been at Rome or else neer Tiber bred,
For first Ambition with a lofty pace
Then cursed Envy with a pale lean face,

And cruallty that tramples best in blood,
 The next is Guile which never yet did good.
 Appostacy that will his faith renounce,
 A stoney heart by all of these will bounce,
 The Coachman which do drive them with their rod,
 Are treason oft and want of feare of God.

71.

In these and such like shapes thou liest in waight,
 To gull the world as with a poisoned baight,
 That being tane mans vitall life straight baines,
 Infects his blood, and runs through all his vaines,
 And as thou art, dost cozen, lie and lurch,
 Transformed sometimes into a man in th' Church,
 Under that holy habit, maske and guise,
 Thou setst abroad thy cancred venom'd lies.
 And thus thou camst unto our Grandame Eve,
 And as a Devill into her thoughts doth dive,
 Seeming a serpent crawling on thy breast,
 Much like a simple foul mishapen beast,
 Just in the midst of all the garden fair
 Thou singlest forth, the happy blessed pair.

72.

And watching time, when Adam stept aside,
 Even but a little from his lovely bride,
 To pluck perhaps a nut upon the trees,
 Or get a combe amongst the honey bees:
 Or some such thing to give his welcome spouse,
 Even just to *Eve* thou dost thy body rouse,
 And questions with her of much idle prattle,
 As women they delight to talke and tattle,
 What they may not, and what it is they eate,
 And what is best, within that pleasing seat,
 What tree is that was to them forbidden,
 They dare not eat, for fear they may be chidden.

73.

Then *Eve* again, which thought no hurt at all,
 Or once suspect the venome of thy gall,
 As a kind woman full of pleasing love,
 To'd thee indeed that God in heaven above,
 Had licenst them to eat of every tree,
 Beast, fish and fowl, with all that they can see,
 Within the compass of the spacious aire,
 And that were living in the garden faire:

Only the tree that was before their eyes,
They might not touch and taste in any wise,
For in the day that they thereof should eate,
Their God in heaven would both their bodies
beate,

Plague them with pain and punishment extreame,
Subject to sickness, Chollor, Pangs and Phleame,
Casheire them both out of that lovely place,
To die a death in miserable case.

74.

But thou againe that ever didst devise,
In nothing else but execrable lies,
Straight told the woman that they need not feare,
To eat the fruit that pleasant tree did bear:
For in the day that they should thereof eat,
The Gods themselves they would indeed defeat,
Attaine much knowledge, farre above mans reach,
And all the Gods in many things would teach.
To think of death they need not fear at all.
For why, their eyes should opened be withall:
The goodly fruit would breed this wondrous odds,
Never to die, but ever live as Gods.

75.

O cursed, damned, execrable Devil,
Delighting best in that thing which is evil!
What make thee now thy baneful speech to blow,
Out of that cankerd, venom'd mouth below?
Thus to entice by thy allurements working,
Within so sly and ugly creature lurking
That Eve must reach, and in her hand to grapple
So fair a fatal curst betwicking apple:
And not content herselfe thereof to eate,
But reacht another as a daintie meate,
And in her sweet delightful lovely hands,
Runs to her Lord, where all alone he stands
Plaining and greiving that he had her mist,
Takes her in 's armess, and both together kist.

76.

Then she began (in smiling wanton sort)
To shew that apple, which before in sport
She late had taken from that fatal tree,
The better now to make her eyes to see:

And in the hands of her beloved Lord
 The same she put, according to her word,
 And mild persuasions, gentle speeches plaine,
 In hope much knowledge by the same to gaine,
 The gawdy looks and curious pleasing sight,
 She takes the same and so of it doth bite.

77.

Oh curst, oh cruel, woful, fearful deed,
 What hast thou done now *Adam* to thy seed
 Baint all thy off-spring in thy folly nurst,
 And left them all still to this day accurst.
 What canst thou be even at thy very best,
 But little better than the wildest beast?
 How is thy sight (which thought to pierce the
 skies)

Dazl'd and dimd oft times in both thine eyes,
 Before thou canst to fifty years attaine,
 Diseases, Rhumes, do in the same remaine?
 Out of thy head such flimsy stuff doth fall,
 That often times thou canst not see at all.
 What hast thy knowledge purchast to thy race?
 Thy nakednesse thou seest to thy face.
 The thorney brambles all thy skin bescratches
 Now thou canst tell to make a woman breaches.

78.

How hath the fruit yet to this day amaz'd
 The wandering minds of curious men that gaz'd,
 So farre above the top of that same tree,
 That still the wood for trees they cannot see?
 In every corner of this spacious ball,
 To name the tree that thus made Adam fall.
 Alas, weake man, what can it do thee good
 To know the tree that thus hath baint thy blood?
 What can the sight of that all dismall fruite,
 But discontent, and make thee much more bruite?
 Thou seest the world in wandering strange opinions,
 And every land within her owne dominions,
 Still to this day maintaining errorrs plaine,
 To tell the fruite that thus themselves did baine.

79.

The Jews this day, that Cabalist are call'd,
 The highest Rabbias in their art install'd

They still affirm, and for a truth do tell,
 That *Adams* sinne (when first from God he fell)
 Was nothing but the sweet delicious wine,
 Extracted from the sprawling, crawling vine,
 That all Eves faults and foul offensive skapes,
 Was nothing but the wringing forth of grapes;
 Within her hand unto her husband dear,
 That supt it up instead of wholesome beer.
 The which no sooner had the braines assailed,
 But that both his wit and memory failed :
 His senses drown'd with such a sottish feast,
 God comes himselfe and finds him like a beast.

80.

The *Sarazens*, and all the *Turkes* this day,
 From Mahomet in every age do say,
 The fruite that Eve and Adam both did eat,
 Was but an Ear of perfect Indian wheat,
 Which Adam pluckt and rubbed it in his hand,
 Smiling on Eve that hard by did stand.
 Two grains whereof he did unto her give,
 Eate two himself to make him ever live.
 And that remained which was but one in all,
 Away he took out of the garden wall,
 And farre in India where he wandered long,
 The desert fields and savage beast among ;
 This as the cause (mayn object) of his shame,
 He hid in th' earth, and that brought forth the
 same.

The Southern people and the Indian bold
 Do still affirm and some times have told,
 That near to *Indus* and brave Ganges stream
 Which yeeld all sorts of excellent fish and bream :
 Is to be seen a gallant tree to this day,
 Under whose shade a thousand men may play,
 The fruit thereof not very pleasant pure,
 But as it is, it will very long endure,
 Much like to Olives both in shape and taste :
 The Indian birds this famous figge doth waste,
 That on this tree doth grow the very meate,
 And only food which Eve and Adam eate.

81.

The antient Jew and Arabian borne,
 They still do think that Adam might well scorne,

To taste the fruite that growes on Ganges shore
 The which of late I told you of before,
 And that more like and probable it is:
 If that these judgments do not err amiss
 The dainty tree that in their country growes,
 And twice a yeare his pleasant fruit that
 shoves,

Yielding a fragrant and a lovely scent,
 If but the same be either crust or bent :
 A cucumber much like it is in shew,
 Of pleasing taste and sweet delightful hue.
 If with a knife the fruit in two you reave,
 A perfect cross you shall therein perceive
 The spacious leaves are full a fathom long,
 In breadth three spans, that I may do it wrong,
 If in this place their errour I should blame,
 But much admire and wonder at the same,
 By which the Christians in those parts that dwell,
 Persuaded are, and for a truth it tell:
 That this indeed was that delicious fruit
 Which Eve brought Adam whose inticing suite,
 The opal colour and perfumed scent,
 Made him do that which all of us repent.

82.

And other countries in their roving fits,
 Their lofty, proud, and high aspiring wits,
 Have labour'd much on this point to write,
 To shew the fruit that Adam ill did bite.
 As though themselves in Paradise had beene,
 And at the first the very tree had seene,
 That bare this cursed ever dismal fruite,
 Which make our souls still to this day to rue't:
 Let them seeke still to find the same and mone,
 I'll sit me downe and let them all alone.

83.

And yet the place I must not thus forget,
 Wherein at first our parents both were set,
 Whose glorious worth and ever lasting fame,
 These rural lines can but observe the same.
 Oh Paradise, where is thy lovely seate ?
 Whilome so famous, wonderous, rich and neate;
 That all the stately buildings, curious things,
 And goodly prospects, of the greatest kings:

The pomp and pleasures various decking rare,
 In all the world cannot to thee compare.
 The Lords of these have still in every age,
 As carried in their holy furious rage,
 Adventured forth with admiration, grace;
 But to behold thy antient sacred face,
 And none of them as yet have ever found,
 Or came in sight of thy most heavenly ground:
 Which farre in Eden in the orient lies,
 Unfit for man to see with sinful eyes.
 Some men there be which are persuaded plaine,
 That real place doth to this day remaine:
 Where holy *Enoch*, deare *Elias* pure,
 And *John* the Saint, shall till doomsday endure,
 In far more pleasures than can be exprest,
 Their bodies living with their souls at rest,
 Transported safe within that sacred wall,
 But in what climate of this spacious ball,
 The same should be, far in the air have gaz'd,
 Their learning, knowledge, wits, and all amaz'd.

84.

The goodly region in the *Sirian* land,
 Is thought the place wherein the same did stand,
 Where rich *Damascus* at this day is built,
 And *Habels* blood by *Caine* was spilt:
 The wondrous beauty of whose fruitful ground,
 The great content which some therein have
 found,

The sweet increase of that delightful soil,
 Yielding a world with little care and toil,
 The damask roses, and the fragrant flowers,
 The lovely fields, and pleasant arbourd bowers,
 And every thing that in abundance breed,
 Have made some think this was the place
 indeede,

Where God at first did on the Earth abide,
 With holy *Adam* and his lovely bride.

85.

And some there be that in the Orient waded,
 Which to this day are certainly persuaded,
 The goodly land that farre in *India* lies,
 Whose rich renowne through all the world now
 flies,

Under the dire and famous Zeilan call'd,
On every side with mighty Neptune wall'd,
May be the place where first our parents staid,
The Earth itself with all heaven's gifts arraign'd.
Besides the treasures of that pleasant land,
The fruitful regions in the same which stand,
The goodly rivers and brave mounting hills,
Sweete temperate air on every side that fills,
The downy plains with such a fragrant smell,
As winged fame unto our ears doth tell:
The spicy trees, and brave delightful flowers,
The dainty walks and guilt aspiring towers,
And all things else that man can well desire,
Or discontent of nature may require:
Long length of days, plenty of goodly cheere,
All which she pours as on her darling dear,
Within her lap hath plast a wonder strange,
For every man which to that place shall range,
Persuaded all that ever saw the same,
That Eve and Adam forth from thence first came.

86.

Just in the midst of this delicious land,
Within the center of the same doth stand
A lofty mount, whose top doth pierce the skies,
And round about on every side there lies
The goodliest plaine whichever man beheld,
That four feet deep with water fresh is fill'd,
And eighteen miles in breadth the same is over,
Much like the sea, from *Calis* strand to *Dover*.

87.

Upon the top of this admired hill,
Stands yet a table fixed firmly still,
Of solid stone that long time there hath beene,
In which the form of *Adams* foot is seen
The Moors believing, that that stamp and print
Was first by him indented on the flint,
The mount itself Pyramid like is built;
Upon whose top are stately buildings gilt:
Plenty of wealth, of rarest jewels store,
The height thereof full twenty miles and more,
The people all on every side which dwell,
Have still affirm'd and for a truth do tell,

That this indeede was Paradise at first
Whose fatal fruit made all of us accurst.

88.

And to this day hath superstition led,
A world of Pilgrims, with blind error fed,
By *Mahomet*, that anti-christian beast,
Which Paradise plaste in the radiant east,
Whose fond conceits of this religious place,
Made some men come three thousand miles apace :
With great devotion, extreme labour, paine,
To wash their sins within this miry plaine,
Thinking the water in this valley lies,
Distill'd at first from Eve and Adams eyes ;
When great with grief, and far surcharged with
teares,

They shed so much as all the ground here bears :
In woe bewailing of their wilful sins,
The joyful end where true content begins.

89.

From sin first washt, then up the hill they climb,
With labours great, in prayers spend their time,
And sacrifice to *Mavors* God their fill,
Which plast their feet upon this holy hill,
Though their mistakings may be wail'd and
blamed,
Yet Adams hill, the lofty mount is named.

90.

And that which better may confirme their hope,
That this indeede under heavens starry cope,
Of all the earth may be the likeliest place,
Where Adam first receiv'd his great disgrace :
Not farre from hence is seen a flaming hill,
Of every man call'd *Balavamis* still,
Which sends forth smoke and hideous brands of
fire,

Threatening the clouds and elements to tire ;
Much like the sword the tree of life did guard,
As if with heaven the Earth and all it ward.
This makes them think confirms their fancies more
Than all the rest I told you of before.

91.

But if in *India* on this famous mount,
Adam at first received his sacred count,

And so from thence his fruitful spawne at last,
 Upon the face of all the world are cast,
 What may we think of that renowned hill,
 Whose matchless fame full all the world doth fill :
 Within the midst of Ethiopia fram'd,
 In *Africa* and *Amara* still nam'd,
 Where all the Gods may sit them down and dine,
 Just in the east, and underneath the line.
Pomona, Ceres, Venus, Juno, chaste,
 And all the rest their eyes have ever cast
 Upon this place so beautiful and neat,
 Of all the Earth to make it still their seat :
 A cristal river down to *Nilus* purl'd,
 Wonder of nature, glory of this world.

92.

Dear *Amara*, thy amorous name doth cite
 My lowly pen thy lofty praise to write.
 If all the world and all therein were mine,
 All were too weak to match themselves with thine.
 In all the earth, and all the rest to loose,
 Thy feat to love instead of all I'd choose.
 There are the Temples covered all with gilt,
 The Palaces, and glorious buildings built,
 A library so famous rich and round,
 As that the like on Earth was never found.
 There are the Muses and the learned Nymphes,
 The royal issue, and the best born Imps :
 The seed of kings upon thy body nurst,
 The Preet himself kept long within the first.
 Admired Mount, how hast thou in all ages
 Been still renowned for rarest personages,
 Thy treasures rich beyond compare that lies,
 Within thy walls may dazzle both mine eyes.
 Two famous Queenes in majestie and grace,
 With laurel boughs have much adorned thy face,
 As if themselves with nature did combine
 To wreath thy browes with sacred work divine.

93.

The first of those was faire *Magueda* call'd
 Brave gallant Queene within thy Tower install'd :
 That left the rest and went herself to see,
 If *Solomon* could well compare with thee.

But when she saw, and gluttred had her eye,
 With sight of that which farre and wide did fly:
 Alone she leaves his glorious Temple gilt,
 His stately court and all he ever built.
 His pleasant land, and curious deckings fine,
 As all not worthy to compare with thine
 And so returns within short space againe,
 Within thy walls a royal Queene to reign:
 Gods true religion in those days profest,
 Away she brought and plac't it in thy breast.

94.

The other Queene that hath adorn'd thy browes,
 With Laurel crowne of sacred Christian bowes,
 Was *Candace* great Empresse of such fame,
 As Envy still cannot obscure her name,
 When *Indica* her loyall Eunuch went
 To Jewish land upon Ambassage sent:
 Homewards returning on his weary way,
 In pilgrimage straight forced was to stay
 By God himself, which by the faithful bide,
 And *Philip* sent to be his only guide.

95.

O Matchlesse Queene, brave pearle of woman
 kind,
 Renowned fame shall thy chaste temples bind,
 Which by thy means as old records yet saith,
 Converted all unto the Christian faith:
 Baptized thyself within that sacred fount,
 Which stands still firm upon thy holy Mount:
 And in that Church whereas the God of love
 Descended down in shape of flaming Dove.

96.

All sacred hill, how can I choose but wonder,
 To see the God of lightning flames, and thunder
 That rends the rocks, and all to powder pashes
 The sturdy mount with sudden sulphery flashes!
 Descend himself upon thy glorious head,
 When all thy Princes were baptis'd and fed.
 With that true *Manna* that from heaven was
 showered,
 When Christ his blood upon thy browes was
 poured:

Within that Temple of immortal fame,
That till doomes dayes shall ever bear his name,
And which before his dearest blood was spilt,
Unto the son was consecrate and built.

97.

O *Amara* which thus hast been beloved,
Still to this day thy foot was never moved :
But in the heat of most tempestuous warres,
God hem'd thee in with strong unconquered barres.
Protected safe, and kept thy feet upright,
Against the world, the flesh and all to fight.

98.

No marvel then since man at first was humbled
Upon thy head hath fallen himself and stumbled,
In admiration of thy gifts divine,
When Nature, Arts, the Gods and all combine,
To cull thee out in farre abundant measure ;
And on thy browes to show'r their dearest treasure.
If in all thy walls as some this day have thought,
Adam and *Eve* by God himself were brought,
And plast secure in pleasures wondrous well,
Till from thy top for wilfull sinne they fell.

99.

Some men againe more farre than these are wide,
Whose large conceits in *Eden* cannot bide :
Fond, franticke men the sacred truth to reach,
And Paradise o'er all the world to stretch,
The land of Eden of that spatious worth,
To thinke it went quite over all the earth.
The lofty walls which hem'd the same in round,
To be the spheres that in their utmost bound,
On every side above the world do passe,
And seeme to us much like a wall of Brasse.
The flaming sword that guards the tree of life
From sinful Adam and his lickorish wife,
Have presupposed in all the world alone,
To be the hot and horrid burning Zone,
That mans exile by cursed envious fate,
Was nothing but the changing of his state :
When at the first from God above he fell,
To be entombed within the grave and hell.
In antient times when people were besotted,
Not in that vice which some of us call potted,

But in blind error of the heavenly light,
Till God by Christ enlightened their sight,
Persuaded were that Paradise at first,
In which old *Eve* and *Adam* both were nurst,
A real place upon this Earth was set,
Until for sin the world itself was wet.
With such a shower on every side and round,
That all therein were quite confused and drown'd.

100.

Then Paradise his own peculiar seat,
A pleasant place, delightful, sweete and neate,
For feare the flood which o'er the Earth did flow,
When *Noah's* Arke, did on the waters row,
Should ruinate the goodly sacred place,
And bring the walls just in the self same case,
That *Henoch* City in those days was found,
When all the world, and all therein was drown'd
Transported it within an instant quite,
Far from the Earth, and reach of this our sight,
And plast the same even in a moment soone,
Within the circle of the lofty Moone.

101.

And some there be as far as Rome have ram-
bled,
Which back again, for want of meanes have
ambled,
Like ugly Bat the monster of his kind,
That vice can see, but yet to goodness blind ;
Happy were we when first they ran from hence,
Casting a mist upon the scriptures sense,
To think the place where *Adam* first did fall,
Was but a tale, and no such place at all,
That holy *Moses* in his sacred worke,
Hath little true but only fictions lurke.
Damn'd wicked man, the child of unbelief
The word distrust, and thus to play the thief,
Gods Church to rob, his chosen flock to flece,
The truth to blur, and here to pick a piece,
Wringing the same, or as we used to squeeze,
A sponge with water or such kind of Leese :
The scriptures true, and heavenly Hebrew Story,
Converting all into an allegory.

102.

Thou soarest high, here is thy lofty flight,
False hearted Rome, which canst not see the
light.

That shineth clear, within the scripture lies,
The truth itself hath bleared both thine eyes:
Like to the bird thou bearest in thy crest,
That seldome times upon the Earth can rest
But mounts aloft with proud aspiring wings,
Till base desires downe to the Earth him brings,
As if the light he could no more endure,
But falls and stoopes unto a carrion lure.

103.

The Sodomites which in the days of *Lot*,
About the walls were groping very hot,
To find the angels that his house possest,
Till fearful blindness stayd their course to rest,
Were beaten down with horrid sulphry smoke,
That instantly their cursed breath did choke:
Transformed their towns in less than half an
houre,

When God but once upon their vice did lower;
With fire and brimstone strange unwonted thun-
der,

Of all the world the sad and fearful wonder,
Amazing all which at this day behold it,
To see how God hath up to nothing roll'd it.
Made it a puddle and infectious sinke
Not fit for man once of her source to drink,
Even so thy wilful, cursed unbelief
Prophane abusing of the scriptures chief,
Thy Sabaoth breaking, covetuousnesse and pride,
With all the sins within the world beside,
Have made thee blind to find that lovely place,
Where *Adam* first was in his greatest grace:
About the walls thou canst not find the door,
To come within and view the plenteous store,
Thy braines confused as in a maze are led,
Darke unbeliefe thy cloudy sense hath fed,
The heavenly light thou canst not well discerne,
From *Sodome* first to loose thyself dost learn,
In all the Earth that ever eye did see,
How well these men, we may compare to thee.

104.

But stay, whilst they about the world are seeking,
To find the Garden *Adam* had in keeping,
My sacred muse with lofty nimble flight,
On Paradise the place itself doth light:
From Rome transported tyrant of the west:
To *Nimrods* Tower within the Orient cast,
Near *Eden* plast within Asseria land,
On *Euphrates* and *Tygris* goodly strand,
By Babylon first Empresse of the Earth,
Mother of Arts most glorious in her birth,
Whose towering fame as monarch of the world,
Where golden floods in silver streams have purl'd;
My senses wrapt in admirations wonder,
To think how she hath all the world brought under,
Making her seat the glory of her time,
Brave star of fortune, subject of my Rime.

105.

Here was the seate the likeliest place indeede,
Where *Eve* at first did of the apple feede,
By learned judgement of those worthy men,
Whose high desort, fames lofty quill doth pen
Which far and near about the world have ventured
And but at last within her walls have entered.

106.

O Paradise where first our Parents staid,
Untill such time Gods will they disobey'd;
How far my pen doth of thy worth come under,
Mirrour of Earth, of all the world the wonder.
Where sacred *Thetis* from her lovely lap,
Hath pour'd her treasures, much enrich thy hap,
Which *Euphrates* and *Tigris* hath combined,
Their source divided in four parts, to wind
About thy borders, as heavens dearest worke,
Within thy bowels glide along and lurk;
Venting such jewels as were never found,
A welcome tribute to thy holy ground.

107.

Nature herself hath much impald thy head,
And wreathed thy browes as fortune has her led,
With such a ridge of rocky mountains small,
To hemme thee in as with a sacred wall.

Upon the top toward the East still there stands,
A smoky hill which sends forth fiery brands,
Of burning oil, from Hells infernal deepe,
Much like the sword the tree of life did keepe.
Devinest land the sun hath ever seene,
How fortunate thrice happy hast thou beene,
To have that God which fram'd the world and
all,

Frequent thy walks before thy fearefull fall:
Yet as thou art and as thou dost remaine,
The totall Earth on every side doth staine:
Where can a man in all this world below
Find Bdelium that pleasant tree to grow,
Whose fragrant branches, sweet delightful fruit,
And lofty height hath made my senses mute,
The Onix stone and other things to bide
In all the Earth scarce in one place beside.

108.

How is thy ground exceeding rich and faire,
A region seasoned with a temperate aire,
Thy channels crawling full of golden ore,
The fruitful'st soil that e'er the earth yet bore:
Neptune himself the four great rivers greeting
To deck the bosom which gave Adam being,
Upon thy temples all their treasures poured,
And all their wealth at once upon thee shower'd.
After the flood when all the world was kill'd,
In Noah's time there man began to build,
When having rambled in the sacred keel,
About the world, on every side did feel
Thy fragrant scent so pleasing rich and neate,
Of all the Earth, to make thy Throne their seat.

109.

Here was religion planted in her prime,
The golden age and infancy of time,
When mans worst actions like the Turtle Dove,
In all the world was little else than love:
Dear Paradise, how famous was thy name?
When God himself erected first thy frame,
Endow'd thy land and such things in it set,
As time never, never can forget.

110.

The fabling praises of Elizium fields,
 The Turks, Eutopia nothing to it yields,
 The Paradise of Romes fantastic braine,
 Is but a jest a little wealth to gaine,
 And *Aladeutes* with his place of pleasure,
 Comes far behind and still is short of measure,
 Worth, honor, grace, when brought into compare,
 With this so rich and glorious garden rare.
 The Persian fancies of their heavenly land.
 In sight of this not able is to stand,
 The world itself and all that is therein,
 I could forsake that very place to win,
 And all the greatest kingdoms ever found,
 But dung and trash to that most holy ground.

111.

The lofty walls were all of jasper built,
 Lin'd thick with gold and covered rich with gilt,
 Like a quadrangle seated on a hill,
 With twelve brave gates the curious eye to fill,
 The sacred lustre as the glistning Zone,
 And every gate fram'd of a several stone:
 As stately columns reared by that hand,
 Which grav'd the world and all that in it stand;
 The Chalsedony and the Jacinth pure,
 The Emerald green, which ever will endure,
 The Sardonix, and purple Amethist,
 The azurd burnisht Sapphire is not miss'd,
 The Chrosolite, most glorious to behold,
 And Topaz stone, which shines as beaten gold
 The Chrisophrasus of admired worth,
 The Sardius, Berill seldom found on Earth,
 The doores thereof of silver'd pearle most white,
 Do shew that none by wrong oppression might
 Be crost, by cunning, wringing, wresting guile,
 By wicked plodding in all actions vile,
 By foul offences like base envy faste
 Can pass the doors but those are pure and chaste.

112.

That sweet disciple which the Gospell wrate
 And lent at supper (when Christ Jesus sate)
 Upon the bosom of his Lord and King,
 He from the heavens this Paradise did bring,

Perus'd the walls, and view'd the frame within,
 Described it largely all our love to win.
 The chrystal river with the tree of life,
 Gods dearest lamb, and sacred spouse his wife,
 The various fruits that in the garden grow,
 And all things else which in abundance flow :
 Hath rapt my sense to speak how God at first,
 Fram'd all for Adam and his offspring curst.
 To come within how can we but admire,
 Why should our minds to view the same aspire,
 It being sacred tipe of heaven itself,
 Our sinful thoughts worse than the vilest pelfe,
 That all divine by God himself first wrought,
 Above the clouds, and then by Angels brought,
 Like to an infant in his timely birth,
 Into the church, and plast upon this earth
 The midwife there which did attend the same
 Was dear *Urania* that brave noble Dame,
 Whose glorious worth my weakenesse can't
 reherse,
 Queene of the Muses, Sovereigne of my verses.

113.

But yet *Urania* be not bold to pry,
 Into the secrets of this Treasury,
 Lock't up from us and barr'd from all to enter,
 Where none but thee may safely dare to venter
 Least thy great God thou tracest in thy step,
 Should from the heavens downe on a sudden
 leap,
 As if from sleep he had been rouzed and waked
 And find thyself like Eve and Adam naked.

114.

Adam what made thee fearefully to hide ?
 (Entangled in the allurements of thy bride,)
 Thyselfe from God, who by his sacred voice,
 Amongst the trees within the garden choice :
 Repaired now as often times before,
 To recreate and view the various store,
 Even in the cool and dawning of the day,
 The winds before him ushering of his way,
 Thinking to find, as heretofore he found,
 Thine innocency upright, perfect, sound,

But contrary thou lurkest in a bush,
 Until thy God did neare unto thee rush,
 And starting of thee as thou then wast loth,
 He takes thy spouse and thee all naked both.

115.

Adam (quoth God) why dost thou hide thy
 face?

What is the cause thou art so poore and base?
 That thou shouldst thus with simple shifts begin,
 Asham'd of me to cover now thy skin,
 How hast thou known in less than half an hour,
 To lurke so close within this secret bower,
 And sew those leaves to patch them so together,
 To hide thy shame and keep thee from the
 weather?

The tree of knowledge in this pleasant seate,
 I do believe that thou hast thereof eate,
 Which I commanded on deaths dismall paine,
 Thou shouldst not touch the iewce thereof to
 gaine,

Hast thou now eate of that delicious fruite
 I am afraid thy off-spring all will rue it.
 O heavenly God then Adam answered strait
 I was intrapt with such a pleasing baite,
 That made my reason, sense and all to yeild,
 My strength but weake within so strong a field:
 For why, the woman which thou gavest me,
 A help most meete and comfort sweet to be
 She of that tree did pluck but one in all,
 And brought it to me as a sacred ball:
 The sight whereof by her persuation moved,
 Whom more than gold and all the world I loved.
 Straight in my armes began for to embrace,
 And she entreating with her smiling face
 Gave me that apple in her lovely hand,
 Which makes me thus before thy sight to stand,
 All naked, poore, lamenting of my fall,
 As loath to speake when thou at first did call.
 She, she it was which gave me of that meate,
 By her intisements only did I eat.
 If I have broke thy holy heavenly lawes,
 Blame her (not me) for being first the cause.

116.

Then God (again) unto the woman said,
 Why hast thou thus most treacherously betrayed
 Thy loving husband and thy darling deare,
 Whom to displease thou shouldst in conscience
 feare?

He is thy head, thy Sovereign, Lord and King,
 Why dost thou thus his feet in bondage bring,
 Insnaring him, thyselfe and issue all,
 In wofull danger of your soules to fall?

117.

- Sweet God (quothe she) a foul mishapen beast,
 The ugly serpent crawling on his breast,
 When but a little that I stept aside,
 From my deare husbands best beloved side:
 A goodly fruit presented to my view,
 That in the midst of all the garden grew:
 Persuaded much the only taste of it,
 Would farre increase my simple womans wit:
 The touch thereof would sight and knowledge
 give,

Never to die but still as Gods to live.

118.

By which inticements snared in his trap,
 He shook the tree, and up I held my lap:
 That plumme alone which fell into the same,
 I kept it safe, and to my husband came.
 But yet before his presence well I saw,
 Not thinking once of thine eternal law.
 By fresh allurements of that snaky wite,
 I viewed the same, and so of it did bite.
 The which, when as that I the deed had done,
 Away he crawles and leaves me all alone:
 Mine eyes i' th' instant wofully did see
 The murraine Elfe had first beguiled me.

119.

Like to a mouse not farre off from her muse,
 So is a woman fill'd without excuse,
 When on a sudden God himself descends,
 The winged clouds on every side he sends:
 All foggy mists of darkesome errors quite,
 He doth dispense and brings the truth to light.

That all the world his wisdom may admire,
To see how soon he finds the devil a liar.

120.

Justice herself with grim and frowning eyes,
Descendeth downe beneath the lofty skies :
That ever lowers and holdeth in her hand
A paire of scales to weigh both sea and land
The secret actions infinite to name,
Which ever yet were hatcht upon the same.

121.

But at her back there some times attends,
A noble dame to many a one that bends :
Of smiling cheere and sweete delightfull face,
Born of the Muses in their royal race.
Whose silver tresses as heavens glorious Queene
The goodliest creature ever eye hath seene :
In all her robes she sits at Gods right hand,
Descends to some, but by his side doth stand.
In secret corners of the heart she lurkes,
Gods mercie great are far beyond his workes :
In heaven and earth, and all that in them are,
None may come near, much less to her compare.

122.

Alone she sits, and sendeth Justice downe,
To God himself, that in a sacred frowne
Summons the serpent to appear in place,
Whose accusation lai'd before his face,
Without demurre and wresting of the law,
His heinous crime before his eyes he saw,
And standeth mute without excuse at all,
When God above to judgement once did fall.

123.

Accursed Devil, thrice damn'd is all thy race,
Thy wicked plots and secret actions base :
What made thee wind within this winding Snake,
The shape of serpent in thy mind to take ?
Why hast thou sat on Adams sacred skirt,
To harm a man which never did thee hurt :
Or wrong a woman with mischeivous guile,
By envious plodding in a deed so vile
Could it not serve that first thou wentest about
To scale my throne, from heaven to shut me out ?

But this my work, which more I did admire
 Than all the angels framed of burnisht fire :
 The heavenly lights and all that ever were,
 Within the compass of the spacious aire,
 The man himself in whom I took delight,
 Placed in Eden by my powerful might.
 That thou should thus with all the Devils combine,
 In spight to me his person undermine,
 To creepe to Eve, as if she were thy Aunt,
 And fawne on others like a Puritant.
 What hast thou got for all thy villany ?
 A beast thou livest, worst than a beast thou diest!

124.

And yet not die, forever 'during paine,
 (For this thy treason) shalt be sure to gaine.
 The fire of my just wrath shall make thee gurne,
 As burning brasse bowels scorcht shall burne,
 The worme of Conscience shall torment thee ever,
 And like a vulture feed upon thy Liver.
 That still in death, a horrid fearful smart,
 Shalt dying live, to overload thy heart.
 Grinde all to powder thy damn'd wicked rout,
 With coales of fire, which n'er shall go out.

125.

Thy tongue shall be a sure and certain token,
 How false to woman thy curst mouth hath spoken,
 For in the same a forked sting shall be,
 That after times may still thy envy see :
 And all her race shall thee torment and vexe,
 And thou againe shalt skare her fearfull sexe,
 Lurking in dens and secret holes obscure,
 To trap the just with banefull breath impure,
 Thy hide bepainted with a peckled varnish,
 Thy venom'd carkasse in thy pride shall barnish:
 An ugly creature shalt thou be uncouth,
 Thy teeth all black within thy lying mouth.
 Out of that hollow irksome vast abisse,
 Upon thy belly shalt thou crawl and hisse,
 Dust shalt thou eate, and cankered be thy skin,
 Thy body swoll'n with poison all within.
 Thy viperous fleck in ugly envy borne,
 To all the world shall be the hateful scorne.

In every path and out of every hedge,
 Their poison fell in humane flesh shall wedge :
 That when they time and place to purpose feele
 Their venomd tongue shall bite them by the heel.
 Thus till the Earth shall mould away and fall,
 Where men least think then shall they lie and
 crawl.

126.

The womans seed in just revenge againe,
 Thy head shall breake, and cursed actions baine,
 When that sweet Babe shall to the world be borne,
 That heaven and earth with glory shall adorne.
 Then shall he trample on thy cursed hide,
 And on the clouds with winged fame shall ride.
 Before his face shall ratling peals of thunder,
 Amaze thy sense, and reason false bring under
 To see when he shall on the earth descend,
 How thou in chains and fetters shalt be penn'd :
 Tormented in those paines no tongue can tell,
 Scorcht all to cinders with dam'd devils in hell.
 Curst is thy life, thrice cursed is thy race,
 Voyde of all goodness, mercy, love, and grace :
 Here is thy doome upon thy Snakie head,
 That others with thee hast to sinne misse-led.
 Scarse these last words were spake by God
 himselfe,

Of his sad judgmente 'gainst this cursed Elfe :
 And but beginning of Eves dismall speech,
 When suddenly she began to cry and screech :
 When in the instant from the holy skies,
 Mercy comes down and into Eden hies :
 Prostrated falls upon her bended knees,
 But God himself his daughter dear that sees,
 With weeping eyes before his face to crave,
 That but on Eve he would compassion have :
 Began to stay his minde, to alter cleane,
 And to the woman now began to leane :
 But that hard by stood Justice in the place,
 And urg'd him much to prosecute the case :
 When all the reason Mercy well could render,
 Was that herselfe was of the female gender.

127.

Whilst both of these each other do oppose,
 Loath each of them their humble suite to lose :
 Contending still as advocates at Barre,
 Or combatants in furious fearfull Warre :
 And altogether judgement speedy feares,
 Gods eldest daughter in the place appears.

128.

Nature Divine, like to Aurora fac't,
 A noble lady, beautiful and chaste :
 Brave famous Queene, a royal person borne,
 Whom heaven and Earth and all therein adorne.
 Her haire disheveld, trailing to the ground,
 And in the same the rarest secrets bound,
 Without all art in curious manner curld,
 And in her hand the Globe of all the world :
 Ten thousand colours in her gowne are seene
 Wrought by herself upon a ground of greene,
 In all her jewels of admired gaine,
 With four brave ladies bearing up her traine :
 She sober enters in that sacred place,
 And downe she falles before the Almighty's face.

129.

Father, said she, deare Father here behold,
 Give me but leave to be a little bold,
 Finding my sisters jarring never cease,
 To reconcile and set them both at Peace :
 A holy work which thou hast ever loved,
 Myself thereto by charity first moved.
 One of my dear affected Sisters sweete,
 That from this place to heaven did lately fleete,
 Brought me such news when at the first we met
 Till all dissolved, I never shall forget.
 And like it is this massie weighty ball
 Which hangs so even just in the midst of all
 Would soone return to what it was at first,
 If all thereon for this one fault were curst.

130.

Behold this Fabricke here within my hand,
 The mighty Gloabe of all the world doth stand :
 What will become of all thy noble workes
 This goodly frame, and all that ever lurkes

Within the compass of the heaven and earth
If now destroyd within their prime and birth
All will consume and utterly decay,
If Justice once thy mercy oversway.

131.

Justice I know doth urge thy sacred Word,
Which from the truth as yet has never stird :
Thy penalty on Adam and his race,
For foul offending in this holy place.
The execution of thy Law divine
In the least tittle of each Statute line :
Which hath ordaind that in that dismall day,
In which the woman did the Devil obey :
To taste the fruit and suck it with her breath,
That both of them should die a fearful death.

132.

Mercy againe as being full of Love,
Pittie, compassion from thy throne above
Presents herselfes before thy sacred face,
Imploring Goodness, Majestie and Grace :
To be a means to mediate a peace,
And that for once all further judgement cease,
When by the envy of a *viperous* tongue,
Hatch by the Devil this cursed malice sprung :
And their offence to take it at the worst,
By justice weighed will yet be found the first.

133.

O then dear Father let me speak my minde,
Be just and loving, Merciful and Kinde :
Punish all sin according to thy word,
The truth preserve, that none at Justice gird :
But yet let Mercie at thy right hand sit,
Thy noble works in sacred holy writ,
Shall then be blazed unto their utmost worth,
And thou be known a God upon this Earth,
Then shall large volumes with thy praises swell,
Thy mercy drop to infant soules in Hell,
Which never have offended much thy minde,
But born in sinne and never known unkinde,
Whose cursed parents crost thy heavenly will,
The sperme of those that live in error still,
Thy sentence past cannot againe be call'd,
And truth must stand before thy face instal'd,

That every day according to thy word,
 In which the tree of Knowledge first was stird,
 By Eve and Adams wilful treachery,
 Both of them then a cruel death should die :
 If mercy now had not come downe in haste,
 And at thy feet her humble smile had cast ;
 Before this time that judgment had been given,
 Both of their lives might well have been beriven.

134.

O then what would become of all this frame,
 And all thereon, too infinite to name,
 The famous actions by thy Spirit nurst,
 All must returne to what it was at first,
 One day with thee is a thousand yeares,
 The hour of death incertaine full of feares.
 First save the seede and let them live in awe,
 Then die a death for breaking of thy Law ;
 So is thy word confirm'd, my sisters pleaz'd,
 The world remaine and judgement somewhat
 eaz'd,

Then shall thy creatures in all ages stand,
 The worke divine of thy all powerfull hand,
 And every thing that on the earth is bred,
 Shall shew thy glory both alive and dead :
 That all may stand to all eternity,
 Thy only Son offers himself to die.

135.

But silenest once by Gods commanding word,
 The jarring sisters never after stird,
 But satisfied, and resting well content,
 They spent the time in haplesse merriment,
 And God above in judgement doth proceede,
 With fearful Evah and her timorous seed,
 Her naked husband that himself excused,
 And said his wife his love had much abused.

136.

O Silly woman to be thus beguiled,
 In sorrow now thou shalt bring forth thy child,
 A hard conception with an extreme paine,
 Sick loathsome vomits at my hands shall give,
 Thy husband now shall overrule thee still,
 Thy fond desires be subject to his will :

A constant love shall hardly once be found,
Within the breast of any on this ground,
And from this day the most of all unkind,
Fickle, uncertaine as the wavering wind :
Tost to and fro with every blast that blows,
Entangled straight with gawdy curious shewes
That most of you your husbands shall forsake,
A golden bribe or licorish thing to take,

137.

Heavens glorious judge to Adam also said,
Because thy wife thou hast an idol made,
To trace her steps which led to deadly sin,
Thou dost but now to feel thy woe begin,
Curst is the Earth, and curst is for thy sake,
The fruit thereof acursed will I make ;
In great vexation, extreme labor paine,
Toil, sweat and dust, thou shalt much sorrow gaine,
The earth henceforth shall now no more endure,
Unlesse thou till, and much her sides manure,
And when thou think'st thy barnes topfull to fill,
Thy vintage stor'd with plenty at thy will,
In monstrous Mows to pile a wondrous heape
Then thistles, thorns instead thereof thou'lt reape,
Much like the beast which on his belly feedes,
So shalt thou live by herbs and garden seedes,
Till thou return unto the earth againe,
And that therein thy limbs all cold be laine,
This is the mother that thy body nurst,
Out from the same thou taken wast at first
Sorrow and sicknesse shall thy body burne,
For dust thou art, to dust thou shalt returne.

138.

O heavenly God, here is a judgement past,
Throughout this world eternally to last,
No writ of errour can the same revoke
When as the words by thine owne mouth are spoke:
Here is a sentence with a sacred seal,
No inhibition can thy law repeal,
Nor all the tricks, devices subtil shifts
Of greedy lawyers with their bribes and gifts,
Can once dissolve a knot so surely knit,
With all their braines and cunning peevish wit.

But that the same for evermore must stand,
 A just decree by heavens divinest hand,
 Drawne up above in Edens ratified,
 With all the angels in the world beside,
 And all the powers of firmament and all
 To this decree consented at thy call ;
 Heavens dearest Babe whose fame shall perish
 never
 Hath with his blood confirm'd the same forever. i

139.

The Register that up this order drew,
 Was Time itself clad all in azure blue,
 Wing'd like an angel, shadowed with a veile,
 And Truth his daughter bearing up his traile,
 Nobly attended with a Lady kind,
 More quick and nimble than the swift foot hind
 Within his mouth a lofty Trumpe doth stand,
 And a sharp scythe or sickle in his hand.
 A glasse of sand continually that runs,
 Within his way no living thing he shuns,
 Lock't long before his head, behind all bald,
 To shew whats past can never be recal'd.

140.

O Time, preserver of all ages past,
 How are mens eyes on all thy actions cast,
 Thou shouldst be true and constant in thy course,
 Why should base gold thy mind to ill inforce,
 Allure thy sense and reasons temporize,
 Alter an order, daub up both thine eyes,
 When God the King and all the Lords decree,
 A judgement just to all eternitie,
 In open court pronounce the same at large,
 Commit it safe to thy sole care and charge,
 Yet for a bribe within thy griping fist,
 Thou'lt add, subtract and set down what thou list.

141.

Princes and peeres, grate judges of the Land,
 Let ever justice in your actions stand,
 Looke well to time, for time itself doth call,
 It may deceive and go beyond you all :
 Dispatch the poore and hear the widowes cause,
 Let not the orphan perish by your lawes,

The innocent is oftentimes undone,
 But in defending of a suit begun :
 By mighty foes that ever dares his youth,
 And lies suggest instead of naked truth,
 Then is he posted too and fro in haste,
 His life, lands, living, all he hath to waste :
 And never left so long as worth a groate,
 His weary limbs oft times in prison rot,
 And all by delays when golden angels hov'r, -
 Within the hand of every servile lover,
 That but attends and comes before your face,
 By bribing lives unto your sore disgrace,
 O to be sway'd with every glistning see
 This is injustice in the worst degree.

142.

But you are wise, to you a word is more,
 Than all the workes to this day kept in store,
 Can be to those that little understand,
 And more respect, some feeling in their hand.
 Trace that Great God in all your actions out,
 Let him be still to bring the day about:
 Your only Starre sole level and your square,
 The severall frames of all your works to rear,
 But you are men your memories may fail,
 Let not your servants set your worth to saile ;
 Justice and Mercy, Time and all for gold,
 'Gainst natures lawes outright and bought and
 sold,
 And why should man thus to base bribing fall,
 There is a God which takes account of all ?
 And oftentimes what by the devil is got,
 Under his feete he treades it till it rot.

143.

And yet what reason have we to complaine,
 When England thou hast got the richest gaine,
 The dearest treasure and the welcom'st fee,
 That ever any land attain'd but thee,
 A royall King derived from the race,
 Of Eden's monarch in her greatest grace
 Within whose face true Majesty doth shine,
 Justice and Mercy in his browes combine,

His temples chaste with laurel boughs are
wreathed,
The sacred muses in his breast have breathed,
Upon his head three famous crowns do stand,
Gods dearest book is ever in his hand.
Whose angels still his person hath protected,
And all his daughters him for king elected,
Too weake (alas) I must myself confesse,
O that my muse could but his worth expresse,
Though in this place I do but give a glance,
Of that which after in my worke may chance,
His fame renowne shall ever flourish greene,
Sire to a Prince, and father to a Queene.

144.

So shall the fame of his illustrious sonne,
Mount up the aire, in Phoebus chariot run,
About the earth on every side shall sound,
As far as Eden and the Indian ground,
And still his glory all the world shall passe,
And be engraved in monuments of brasse,
That time forever shall his worth adorne,
The greatest prince that ever yet was borne.

145.

Brave Prince of Peace from heaven itself
descended.
How hath this land beene by thy birth befriended,
To have a spirit of such noble wit,
Hereafter sway within her lap to sit,
When England thou mayst joy, delight and court
thee,
Under his wings mayst sit thee downe and sport
thee,
Solace thy labours with a glad content,
And give God thanks that him to thee hath lent :
Whilst other lands have not so rich a pawne,
About Succession out their sword is drawne,
Nothing but blood, confusion, shriekes and skars,
As late was seene within thy Civil Wars.

146.

Here could I stay and sit me downe and pause,
And view thy Court and all thy reverent lawes,
Admiring all the nobles of thy Lands,
How with devotion all their service stands,

Prone ever prest to reattend thy will,
 To run and go as thou commandest them still,
 Whose worth and merrit, every one in order,
 Should all be ranck't within this sacred border :
 But that to Adam I must post apace,
 And tell what fell upon his foul disgrace,
 Meanwhile when Time shall work unto my mind,
 Then shall my Muse their several virtues find.

147.

Adam no sooner had his judgement past,
 But God his mercy on his darlings cast,
 As one that never both of them forsakes,
 For one sole fault but mild compassion takes,
 Pitties their want, and wailes their foul abuse,
 Tenders their good admits a weake excuse ;
 Like to a father of a loving heart,
 Loath with his son and daughter both to part,
 Though much provoked by their folly meere,
 Still clothes them well, and makes them of't good
 cheere :

So God above whose love doth far surpasses,
 The greatest love as yet that ever was,
 For all their faults and foul enormous sins,
 Yet cloathes them warme in well furr'd coates of
 skins.

148.

And thus attir'd as in a mantle curld,
 From Eden now they come into this world,
 For justice urged unto their sinful face,
 They might not stay within that sacred place,
 For feare that Adam and his longing wife,
 Should take and eat of the tree of life,
 And so forever both of them should live,
 To think the fruit did life unto them give :
 Like to a man when publikly detected,
 But for one fault is still of more suspected.
 O holy God, heere is a mistery,
 The tree of life what it doth signify,
 But that dear Lambe out of whose bleeding
 heart,
 Our Soules were held much to his paine and
 smart.

The time indeed when *Eve* the fruite did gripe,
 The tree of life was not then fully ripe,
 But long time after in his glorious birth,
 Just in the midst and centre of the Earth,
 It flourisht greene on sacred Sion sat
 Till 'twas cut down by cursed envious fate.

149.

Now winged Time Gods speedy messenger,
 A nimble hasty posting passenger,
 That hard by stood recording what was past,
 Up to the skies his eyes i' th' instant cast,
 Spied *Eve* and *Adam* standing in the place,
 Thus cloathed both before the Almightyes face :
 When but commission from that sacred lip,
 He had obtain'd, lets no advantage slip,
 But mild and gently takes them by the hand,
 Shewes them the gate that to the east doth stand,
 Leads them along lamenting of their fall,
 For all their cryes, sets them without the wall;
 Bars up the dore with such an iron lever,
 As none alive that once can enter ever.

150.

(Alas poore Adam) now thou feel'st thy hurt,
 The air all cold doth make thy body smart,
 Weakens thy limbs, benummeth much thy
 strength,

And makes thee glad to fall to work at length.
 Thy wandering first, and losing of thy wife,
 Thy pennance then and toiling weary life,
 With all the rest that did to thee befall,
 Before thy sad and sacred funerall :
 Within this place I must forbear to tell,
 For fear my booke would to a volume swell,
 And prove more bigge than any of the rest,
 Like one great dish mongst many at a feast.

151.

And yet a word (though time againe do call)
 To answer that which in my way doth fall :
 Amongst some men there is a question made,
 Of those that love before their time to wade,
 How long it was in innocency first -
 That Adam liv'd before he grew accurst,

How many weeks, yeares, monthes, or count of
dayes

Were past before Eve fell to foolish gays:
And how long after that they were detected
They stay'd in Eden all with sin infected.

152.

Some men there be which are of this opinion,
Even in our days within our own Dominion:
That in the day when Adam was created,
The Devil in th' instant straight his fortune hated:
Envied his glory, sought his ruin more,
As in my work I told you of before.
Tis very like that when Aurora blusht,
The morning cleare, and all were calme and husht:
That Adam then and his sweet spouse were made.
But ere that *Titan* farre from home did wade,
In western seas his weary coursers duckt,
And heavens wide curtaine o'er the Earth was
pluck't.

It may be true that he might fall againe,
And be expulst out of that scared plaine:
For some there be that heretofore did say,
Man never stai'd in honor yet a day.
Others there be that cannot thinke it true,
Their punishment did instantly issue:
But that long time they lived in the place,
Enjoying favor, countenance and grace
That God himself did some times descend,
To *Eden* land, like to a loving friend.
After the man had lived long alone,
He framed the woman of his left side bone:
Brought them together, as before you heard,
Whose foul offence the godly garden mard.

153.

O heavenly God! why should we here below
Trouble ourselves thy secrets past to know:
When thy dread word which thou from heaven
hath sent,

The world and all can give us scarce content,
But still we strive, and at thy secrets aim,
Till thou our reason in our Sense doth maime
Here is the glory of the Eternal Crowne,
Mans earthly wisdome utterly throwes downe:

Though in Gods booke we love to pry and
 peeke,
 In things divine some times we are to seeke.

154.

- But Time againe to God himself retiring,
 Where all his daughters were with joy admiring,
 To see the Devil damn'd to the lowest Hell,
Adam expulst, themselves contented well.
 After a gentle kinde respectful awe,
 Before his eyes that all mens actions saw,
 Takes sacred justice by her reverent hand,
 That nobly, grave, within that place did stand,
 • Leads her along in mild majestick state,
 Plact bothe her feete upon the Eastern gate.
 In scarlet robes down to her anckles trailing,
 A crowne of gold her browes all chaste impaling,
 Her hands are clean, not carried with a tale,
 Her modest eyes are covered with a vaile,
 Out from her mouth as heavens eternal cryer,
 There streames a blade of purest burnisht fire,
 A sword (which shakes) that upwards, down-
 wards curld,
 • Like blazing stars amazing all the world.

155.

Just by her side (at her right hand) Time places
 The goodliest Dame mongst all the Nymphs and
 Graces.

The sweet born mayd, and noblest cherubim,
 That ever Nature at her best could lim :
 Brave peerelesse Queene, most angel-like thy face,
 The Saints in heaven thy very name imbrace.
 There thou dost stand by Justice reverent side,
 Till all be ended thou by her must bide
 And she againe at Gods divinest word,
 Doth guard thy person with her flaming sword.

156.

Not long before (if you remember well)
 When *Adam* first with *Eve* his darling fell,
 And both all naked justly for it blam'd
 Loves bashful Lady was thereof asham'd :
 And so offended in that sacred place,
 Mounts up the clouds with discontented face,

Bewails mans fall with teares bedews her cheeks,
 Most lovely looks, and round about she seekes,
 If she can find with all her toil a friend,
 To set all right, and past offences mend.
 When she had past to silver Cinthia faire
 Through the cold region of the liquid aire,
 And crost the way that Phaeton begun,
 With his proud teame about the world to run,
 Above the stars and fiery regions hot,
 With extreame labour paine and travell got
 On every side through dangers great had ventred,
 Yet at the last within heavens walls she entred,
 Where she beheld a goodly glorious sight,
 Ten thousand candles all the world to light,
 Carried in course about the earth to reele,
 And nature nobly turning of their wheele.

157.

After those kind imbraces ever used
 Twixt ladies faire, dame Nature smiling mused
 To see her sister with her lovely face
 Thus rapt alone within that sacred place,
 To pass the clouds and fiery frozen aire
 The Earth to leave, unto her to repair;
 Even in an instant at that happy time
 What heaven so high, but love divine will climb?
 Scale up the throne of God himself above,
 Thrice noble Lady full of grace and love.
 Nature amazed as wondering what it meant,
 To see thy looks betray a discontent.
 Enquires the cause that makes thy face so sad,
 The newes below she thinks is worse than bad.

158.

But when she heard and understood the cause,
 That *Eve* and *Adam* brake their Makers lawes,
 Incurr'd a curse on all their future seed,
 She thought the world and all therein would bleed,
 And that Gods anger for so foul offence,
 Would not be pleas'd unless she went from thence.
 Not staying now to heare the matter scand,
 She takes her lovely sister by the hand.
 Descending both in all their rich attire,
 Downe the hot region of heavens burnisht fire,

Through the cold air beneath the moone they
dived

And at the last in Paradise arrived.

Here she stood by and saw Gods judgement past,
And oftentimes forth from her eyes she cast

A sea of salt and burning briny tears,

Her love alas was ever full of feares,

To make her venture in the heat and cold

And mount the skies, as even but late I told :

Bring nature downe in speedy post apace,

To appease Gods Justice in that sacred place.

159.

Time spies her forth, and takes her by the hand,
Which lovely there within that place did stand :

And as before he us'd each other Sister,

So now this Lady first of all he kist her.

Then leads her forth much like a lovely Queene,

Spangled in jewels, wrought with gold in greene:

Brings her to Justice, plact her by her side,

In future ages ever more to bide.

That till this world by power divine shall stand

These sisters both should be on either hand,

To guide the Earth and keepe her feet upright,

And govern all under the Prince of might :

When mercy, justice both from love do flow,

The scarlet garment seemes as white as snow.

160.

Time back retires as heretofore he did,

When now the place was of the Lady rid,

And on a Dame of noble birth doth light,

Cald Truth his daughter cloathed all in white :

He takes her gently by her lilly hand,

Wherein Gods booke did at that instant stand.

Brought her along (as all the rest before)

Over the gate upon the sacred dore,

In all her robes with comely pompe and grace,

And plact her right before Dame Justice face,

O heavenly God, may I not well resemble

The flaming sword which made the Earth to
tremble,

When all the world thy sacred justice saw,

To dear *Elias* living in the law,

Rapt up a life within a flaming cart,
 His coat imblaz'd with bleeding heart,
 When *Jesabel* the monster of her sexe,
 His harmless soul upon the earth did vex
 Her Prophets false to Babylon that ran,
 He quite consum'd, and scarcely left a man
 To carry newes of that unwonted fire,
 Which fell upon them at his just desire.

161.

That Cherubim upon the right hand plact
 Which time himselfe hath with his favour gract,
 In all the world how well I may compare,
 To azed *Henoch* walking in the air
 Within whose days when God his body rapt
 Above the clouds in innocency lapt,
 Before such time as *Moses* Law was gaved,
 By Mercy only all the world was saved.

162.

The other damsel which my pen doth lim,
 The sweetest last and loveliest Churubim,
 That time himself upon the left hand set,
 And which my Muse can never well forget,
 If that we read the holy sacred booke
 How near her person (all divine) doth looke.
 To that Disciple which the rest survived
 In Pathmos Isle into the heavens arriv'd:
 Ravisht in spirit on a sacred day,
 Within a coffin did his body lay,
 And round about a light there shined bright,
 The Coffin caught quite out of all their sight.
 The lesson still that he did ever preach,
 Both in his life, and by example teach,
 In all his workes like to the turtle Dove,
 Throughout his bookes was little else but love.

163.

That Cherubin which stood before the face
 Of sacred Justice in that reverent place:
 Like to an infant that his nurse doth weane,
 Whose face is smiling, fingers ends are cleane.
 All full of truth, not knowing how to faine,
 Dissemble falsly all the world to gaine.
 How well I may compare her settled look
 To Gods eternal ever blessed booke.

164.

These Cherubins all glorious to behold,
 Surpassing farre the purest burnisht gold :
 The radiant splendor of whose sacred rays,
 Resemble those adorn'd within our days,
 Justice divine, much like to God himself
 That scorneth bribing and all ill got pelfe,
 And shewes by judgements feareful past
 examples,
 How all the world under his feete he tramples.

165.

Mercy again much like to Christ his Son,
 That hath the crowne of glory for us won,
 And from the heavens descended to the Earth,
 To make us happy in his welcome birth,
 Whose panting soul had never minutes rest,
 Suffring those torments not to be exprest,
 Surpassing farre the greatest learned wits,
 To see how he at Gods right hand now sits,
 Triumphant over sin, world, death and hell,
 In joyes eternall which no tongue can tell
 Thrice ever blessed be his glorious name,
 It was his mercy made him do the same.

166.

Then Charity much like the God of love,
 I mean no *Cupids* which to folly move,
 But that great spirit ere the world was made,
 Upon the waters through the deep did wade,
 By whom the vergin happily conceived,
 To bring forth him that Justice wrath appeased,
 When afterwards by *Jordans* silver sides,
 From *Lebanon* to *Sodom's* lake that glides,
 Along the plaines where Jesus was baptized
 The holy Ghost in shape of dove disguised
 Heavens windows ope, thus speaketh in their sight,
This is my Son in whom I take delight.
 When all was finisht, and to heaven Christ went,
 Then downe came he to give us all content :
 As Justice, Mercy, both with Love are linck't
 So God is one, the Persons three distinct.

167.

These altogether as the heavens decree'd,
 The tree of Life protect from *Adams* seede,

The world itself with wonderment fill,
Their meate is knowne to do their fathers will,
Who all this while is with their Sisters sweete,
His eldest daughter as 'twas ever meete.
When Time had done, discharged full his due,
Above the clouds up to the Heavens God flew,
Where he remains leaving the world and all,
Which ever yet was known upon this ball,
To the protection of that noble Dame,
That to the Earth with love her Sister came,
So well affected, labouring what she can,
That all her care is but for sinfull man,
Let him his mind to goodnesse always bend,
And nature ever is his loving friend.

168.

Great God of heaven, now is thy Justice showne,
Thy love and mercy with thy nature knowne,
Time hath thy face and glorious browes unmaskt,
And thus at first my Rurall Muse hath task't,
Heere brought forth truth from her hath never
sturd:

Reveal'd the same wrapt in thy holy word,
Of Paradise the sacred curtaine drawne,
The Sabaoth shew'd, on no man's vice doth fawne,
Of all the world hath sung the first beginning,
Told *Adams* faults and *Eves* offensive sinning,
Their seede defac't in breaking of thy lawes,
And heere I'll stay, and sit me downe and pause.

THE END OF THE FIRST AGE.

THE
GLASSE OF TIME,
IN THE SECOND AGE.

DIVINELY HANDLED

By THOMAS PEYTON, OF LINCOLNES INNE, GENT.

Seene and Allowed.

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THE
GLASSE OF TIME
IN THE SECOND AGE.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The sacred Muse by envious Foes is crost,
Adam and Eve how each from other lost,
Their first born sonne by cursed malice led,
Unkindly wounds his dearest brother dead,
APOSTACY the cause of all this ill,
The totall world on every side doth fill ;
With BLOOD, OPPRESSION, CRUELTY and HATE
To waste, consume, and wonde each others state,
The CHURCH derived from the third born child,
Is stained polluted, with CAINES race defiled,
So that the WORLD and all therein was found,
Besides the arke were wash't away and drown'd.*

1.

URANIA soveraigne of the muses nine
Inspire my thoughts with sacred worke divine
Come down from heaven, within my Temples rest,
Inflame my heart and lodge within my breast,
Grant me the story of this world to sing,
The *Glasse of Time*, upon the stage to bring,
Be *Aye* within me by thy powerful might,
Governe my *Pen*, direct my speech aright,
Even in the birth and infancy of Time,
To the last age, season my holy rime :
O lead me on, into my soul infuze,
Divinest work, and still be thou my muse,
That all the world may wonder and behold,
To see times passe in ages manifold,
And that their wonder may produce this end,
To live in love their future lives to mend.

2.

Then shall thy lookes with sacred lustre shine;
 The muses all within thy browes combine,
 Richly adorned with all the Nymphes and Graces,
 Shall sound thy praise with lovely pleasing faces,
 Joying to see thy glorious heavenly hap,
 The golden Ball cast down into thy lap :
 To thy delight and great contentment more,
 Then if the world were only thine in store.
 Though cursed Envy on thy Fortune frowne,
 Yet thy chaste Browes shall weare heavens laurel
 crowne,

In future ages as the Muses Queene,
 Thy Temples wreath'd, shall ever flourish greene,
 And what if Hymen something doe annoy
 Thy tender fruit, yet shall thou live in joy :
 And when pale death shall close up both thine
 eyes,

Thy fame shall mount above the lofty skies.

3.

And yet Urania how canst thou be glad,
 To see this age wherein we live so bad,
 All overgrowne farre worse than at the first,
 Bemir'd in sin as if it were accurst,
 Nothing but blood, contention, bribes and brawles,
 The serpent still upon his belly crawles,
 And round about on every side doth winde,
 With cunning sleights the infants face to grinde.

4.

Nay thou thyself noble *Urania* deare,
 Since first thy landing and arrival here,
 Hast thou not been on every side turmoil'd,
 Tost to and fro, by Envy overtoil'd?
 Whose viperous tongue within a sacred place,
 Hath belcht her venom, aim'd at thy disgrace,
 Like to the Devil in Paradise at first,
 That baneful poison in his breast hath nurst,
 To wrong thy person, weaken much thy state,
 Enrich himself to satisfy his hate,
 Tooke all advantage working on thy youth,
 Suggested lies instead of naked truth :
 Lock't thee up close (Immur'd) within a wall,
 When not a groate was due to him at all ;

But by the order of his noble Land,
He in that place for debt to thee should stand.

5.

Great God of Heaven it makes me weepe and waile,
To see injustice often times prevaile:
To domineere and catch in her hand,
When Innocence must at her mercy stand,
Then doth she squeeze, wring, wrest, extort and
lurch.

When seldome times oppression comes at Church,
Deare friends perswasion once can ne'er prevaile,
To work a peace till all be set to saile,
Then swallows all into a griping purse,
Not satisfied, continues ten times worse.
Vowing to wast and ruine all thy state
Oh cursed malice hatcht by envious fate,
When thy false heart hath made thee act thy worst,
What art thou then more than a beast accurst:
Nay farre more worse, for thou must count at large,
For every soule committed to thy charge,
If by thy fault the least of them be lost,
Thy soule in hell the price of it will cost.

6.

But yet my muse, unfold to me the cause,
Why thou didst fall into the treacherous pawes
Of hateful foes, devouring Tigers fierce,
False hearted friends, which in thy state did pierce,
That thou shouldst thus be tost on every side,
Compeld oft times to be from home and ride,
To see if Envy with her viperous face,
Hath foisted lies in sacred justice place.

7.

I know no cause, nor could I ever tell,
Why she should thus against thee always swell,
Winding herself, her malice best to smother,
Into the habit of thy elder brother.
One thou hast lov'd, enough to make thee doate,
To see vice lurke under a formall coate.
And thou thyself that yet didst never hurt,
To harme a childe, or throw a worm i' th' durt,
Or take delight to glory in the fall
Of any one, much lesse thy tongue to gall

Bite, scandall, blurre, to injury, defame,
 The worth of any in their goods or name :
 By wicked ways, the infants face to grinde,
 Nor in thy hands thy neighbors living wind,
 But to thy power hast shew'd thy best endeavour,
 To love the Saints with all thy heart forever.
Urania (deere) thy very case is mine,
 How did my foes still to this day combine,
 Backesliding friends (much like to slippery eales)
 Have undermin'd, to turne up both mine heels :
 With fawning tearms my company have sought,
 Inverted that (which yet) I never thought,
 Reported words, the which were never spake :
 Let every man by this a warning take
 And careful be whom they converse withall,
 The bird oft times in Fowlers nets doth fall :
 Even when (alas) not any hurt she thinkes,
 Then is she caught, under their burthen sinks.

8.

How often times have I bin tost and tir'd
 Plung'd in the deepe and all with dirt bemir'd,
 Tost to and fro by those in Ambush lay,
 With secret *Gins* to trap me in my way,
 Vow'd my destruction, all my state to baine :
 Much to my troubles, injury and paine,
 Swallow'd my goods within a griping purse,
 Have I not cause all Romaine wolves to curse,
 When all I have can scarcely give content,
 Unlesse my life and living both be spent.
 Were it for debt or title of my Land,
 That thus my foes did in ther fury stand :
 If possibly they could me more abuse,
 Yet in some sort I would them here excuse.

9.

Deere Muse the cause why I am thus perplex't,
 Turmoil'd about on every side and vext,
 To waste my state, and pass through dangers
 many,
 Is not for wrong that I have done to any :
 But by fell Envy hatcht in hell below,
 In Eden nurc't, now e'er the Earth doth flow,
 When Adam least suspected her intent,
 Then was her minde on mischief bent,

And ever since hath labord what she may,
 Eves seed to baine her secret traps to lay:
 But all the spight against me she can use,
 May waste my state and hinder thee my Muse.

10.

For this alone by her I am misused,
 Hurried about by slanderous tongues abused,
 Kept long from home unto my great expense,
 Weakened my lands and living ever since,
 On all sides crost, by greatnesse oversway'd
 By guile and cunning treacherously betrayed
 Of smooth fac't friends abandon'd and forsaken,
 And all Gods knowes but for a word mistaken.

11.

Nay had I been sole author of that thing,
 Which some untimely to my hand did bring,
 And blaz'd it forth, why should I thus be blam'd,
 When no man (living) in the same is nam'd,
 Nor any scandall in those words alone,
 Intended are but by a man i' th' Moon,
 Yet I turmoil'd against all right and reason,
 Am us'd by some, as if it were *High Treason*.

12.

Sacred religion brought from heaven above,
 Thou shouldst be constant, full of grace and love,
 From God (himselfe) thou hast a holy taske,
 O let not vice under a surplisse maske,
 By this alone Christs flock are scattered all,
 O'er all the Earth, in every place do fall,
 Some runne to Rome, and some renounce their
 creede,

And come againe, like to a stinking weede,
 That bears a flower a womans love to win,
 But yet the seed contagious all within.

13.

All powerful God, when both by night and day,
 Incessantly my heart to thee did pray,
 To ease my grieve, and if it were thy will,
 To send me peace to walke up Sions hill,
 That in thy house where all thy saints do meet,
 My soul might sing and offer odours sweet,
 To heare thy word come purling from the Rocke,
 Feeding thy sheepe and building up thy focke,

Where none at all should have a cause to fall,
 Christs coate was woven without a seam at all:
 Instead of Peace which I desird in haste,
 Thou sentst me downe a lovely Virgin chaste,
 Noble *Urania* soberly attired,
 Which when I saw, (with joy) I much admired,
 Finding a friend (copartner) thus to be,
 A fit companion in my miserie.

14.

Great God of Heaven upon my bended knees,
 Before that face which every action sees,
 Let me but know what good I ever wrought,
 That thou in mercy thus on me hath thought?
 Or have I not offended much thy will,
 That thou my breast doth with *Urania* fill,
 Sending her downe as thou didst send thy son,
 To save those Sheep which from thy foald did run.

15.

Eternal God, what shall I give to thee,
 For thy great Love and favour shewd to me?
 If all the world within my power did stand,
 And all therein were sole at my command:
 If all the waves within the sea which boyle,
 And all the Rivers on this Earth were oil:
 With all those things that e'er I did behold
 Under heavens cope were fram'd of beaten gold,
 In thankfulnessse for all thy mercies sweet,
 I'de all surrender, lay them at thy feet.

16.

But soft my muse, whilst thee and I am plaining,
 Each others griefs, and still but little gaining:
 Time posts away, as if it had forgot
 What Adam did (after the Gates were shut)
 In Paradise, I meane that sacred door,
 Which in my workes I told you of before.

17.

Adam and Eve about the glistning walls
 Of Paradise, with mournful cries and calls,
 Repenting sore, lamenting much their sin,
 Longing but once to come againe within,
 In vaine long time about the walls did grope,
 Not in despair as those are out of hope:
 But all about in every place did feelee,

To find the Door with all their care and pain,
To come within, their former state againe.

18.

Like to a man that in a Pallace built,
Of Jasper stone, and covered rich with gilt,
On every side lined with a golden wall,
And no towne near nor any house at all,
In such a place suppose one should abide,
Be entertaind like to a lovely bride.
Yet in the night for some abuse absurd,
Perchance for drink or some distasteful word:
If he should be fast by the shoulders caught,
Lead forth a doors and set by all at naught,
Haild all along (even in the evening late)
Between his foes, and thrust quite out of gate,
In no place neere, hearing a Dog to bark,
All comfortless wanders about i' th' darke:
Gropes every where, if he can find a door,
And enter in, he will offend no more.

19.

Or like a man that venters for a prize,
Hoodwinckt, and made starke blind in both eyes
Wheeles round about, in every place doth reele,
At every post and corner house doth feele,
To find the door where he should enter in,
With all his toile his wager for to win.

20.

Even so is Adam in that urcked place
The flaming sword still blazing in his face,
On every side the glistering walls to shine,
The sun himselfe just underneath the line,
The radiant splendor of those Cherubims,
Dazles, amates, his tender eye sight dims
Like to a man that gazeth at the Sun,
Is then unfit, farre any way to run,
Least whilst his lookes above the Clouds he pitch,
He chance to fall and tumble in a ditch.

21.

Such is the state of Adam and his wife,
And every man within this mortal life,
To wander, grope, as is the dark be lost,
And farthest off from that they aim at most.

The sacred lustre of Gods word divine,
 The Gospels truth which o'er the Earth doth shine,
 The Son of peace (Christ Jesus) being borne,
 Whose glorious Light doth all the world adorne :
 Have made man blind and dazled both his eyes,
 To see that joy which in the Scripture lies.

22.

When many days were past away and spent,
 Finding at last they mist of their intent :
 And that their toil and travell to their paine,
 Was frustrate quite, their labour still in vaine :
 Much discontented for their sad mishap,
 Yet once againe upon the walls they rap,
 Then weepe and howle, lament, yearne, cry and
 call,

But still no helpe nor answer had at all.
 Perplexed in mind, and dazled with the light,
 With grief and care, distempered in their sight,
 Amazed both just as the wind them blew,
 To Paradise they had their last adieu :
 Like those are moapt, with wandering hither,
 thither,
 From when they went, themselves they knew not
 whither.

23.

The crosses, griefs, vexations, troubles, care,
 Befell them after, with their hungry fare,
 Stragling about, abiding in no place,
 And discontent, upon their late disgrace,
 The angry Heavens, for many days that lowerd,
 The sable clouds which sulphury showres down
 powred :

The very Earth combining with them both,
 Strange hideous sights, of irkesome lights uncouth,
 The elements, as all together bent,
 Against mans sin, themselves is under rent.
 The Sunne ashamed, the inconstant angry Moone
 Began to wane, sending a night at noone,
 Surcharg'd with Sorrowes, no where now to rest :
 Their griefs more great, than can be well exprest.
 The discontent some say which Adam found,
 Being expulst out of that holy ground,

By Eves fowl error to be thus disgracst,
 Made him, the world, his wife, and all distaste:
 And like a hermit in his wandering weedes,
 On little else but grief and sorrow feedes,
 Repentant thoughts are harbor'd in his breast,
 His mind impatient, finds no place to rest,
 But to the East from Paradise doth run,
 Towards the rising of the morning sun.

24.

Here, Here (alas) his tender dazled sight,
 With the great splendor of that glorious light,
 Whose matchlesse grace when up to Heaven it
 enters,
 Much like a Queene forth from her Chamber
 venters,
 Climbs up the skies and tramples on the aire,
 With cheerfullookes in glittering robes most faire,
 Prances about, in no place long it bides,
 Viewes all the world on every side it rides,
 The radiant rayes which sparkled in his face,
 Made Adam thinke that God was in that place.

25.

With this conceit, he tarries in no coast,
 But on he goes, and all in haste doth post,
 O'er Hill and Dale with toyle, vexation, paine,
 Like Siciplus, that labors still in vaine,
 To roule a stone against a monstrous mount,
 His grief more great than any man can count,
 Finds to his cost his travell to no end,
 His weary works all to no purpose tend:
 So on he runs, on nothing else doth dreame,
 Until he came at *Ganges* watry streame,
 And as before, o'er many a little River,
 He made away up to his Heart and Liver,
 So in this streame, hoping the same to win,
 He enters bold, and wade up to his chin.

26.

Heere is a Barre in superstitions way,
 Too deepe a Rubbe to make his fury stay,
 For all his haste he can no further passe,
 By *Ganges* coast, like to wall of brasse,
 Where he is forced, to try his utmost skill,
 Against the streame, he strives and labours still:

Until by practise by his active limbs,
A mile or two upon the waves he swims,
But yet too farre in absence of his wife,
May breede a skarre and hazard to his life.

27.

Thus discontented, with that watery wall,
The grieve conceived of his dismall fall,
The losse of her that late before he lost,
When as he thought to passe to God in post,
Himselfe alone bewayling of his sins,
To true repentance faithfully begins:
And as some say did *circumcize* himself,
Washt all his skin (bemir'd) in dirty pelfe,
Forsakes the world, for certaine days did stand,
Within the streame, and never came at land,
Until his flesh from top to toe was seene
With cold and froath, all overgrowne with greene.

28.

Then God which late upon his fault did frowne,
Now smiles again and sendeth *Raziel* downe,
One of the three in sacred robes of Light,
That ever stand before the most of might,
Since Sathiel one of their number fell,
From highest Heavens unto the lowest Hell.
Michael, Gabriel, this Raziel stood,
Still to this day the sole archangels good.

29.

This noble angel brings those tidings glad,
And cheers the man to be no more so sad,
Tells him that God is not with him offended
But with the Devil which first his reason blinded,
That his repentance purchast hath his peace,
From further pennance wil'd him to surcease,
Although of sin he hath beene once detected,
Yet his good will was in the Heavens accepted,
Bade him go seeke and comfort up his wife,
People the world and live a joyful life.

30.

The messenger that from the Heavens descended,
To bring these tidings up againe ascended,
Like to a flame of pure celestial light,
So vanisht he from earthly Adams sight,

Yet some do thinke he tarried in those parts,
 And taught the man, the libereall learned arts:
 Was his companion as a friendly guide,
 That ever kept by Adams fearful side,
 When he went seeking to his care and paine,
 With extreme toil to find his wife againe,
 For many years within the stream did stand,
 Whilst *Eve* was wandering in the Nubian land,
 His faithful angel, in all storms and weather,
 Until such time he brought them both together.
 At Arasse hill within Arabia ground,
 This was the place where Eve her husband found,
 Heere at this mount they both together met,
 And each with (joy) their lovely eyes did wet,
 With such a shower of pearly christall teares,
 Distill'd in Loves pure Limbeck, full of feares,
 That one the other finally had mist,
 Heere once again they smile, imbrace and kist.

31.

Still to this day the reverent feare and awe,
 Of those which yet the Mount have ever saw,
 The great respect that Superstition wins,
 'Mongst men devout in pardon of their sins,
 The worlds conceit by Mahomet late nurst,
 That Eve and Adam heere repenting first,
 Found peace with God unto their souls content,
 Built them a house in which their lives they spent,
 Hath made the hill admired to this day,
 For Turkish Pilgrims ever more to pray,
 The sacred skirts with goodly plaines are wal'd,
 And at this day the *Mount of Pardons* cal'd.
 No lesse admired is that renowned streame,
 By Bengala which makes all Asia dreame,
 And fills the World with Superstitions guile,
 From Easterne India to th' Atlantike Isle.

32.

Brave Ganges flood how doost thou draw together?
 Fierce warlike nations mustering hether, thether,
 Captiv'st them all fettred within thy bankes,
 To wade within thee, yeeld thee humble thanks,
 For staying Adam in thy silverd flood,
 When he neglected all his future blood,

Lost wilfully his neerest, deerest wife,
 Carelesse of all endangering much his life.

33.

This may be true, and yet I cannot thinke,
 That those whom God in Paradise did linke,
 Brought them together by his powerful might,
 Should thus be parted each from others sight,
 Eve in the South, by fearful Negro land,
 Adam i' th' East, on Ganges goodly strand
 Betweene both these a wondrous weary space,
 For two to travel in so poore a case :
 Unshod, all bare 'mongst horrid thunder dints,
 Through woods to walke upon the thorns and
 flints:

He in a maze, not knowing where to find,
 His loving wife : like to a man starke blind,
 Toiles out himself for that he never saw,
 To find a needle in a heape of straw,
 She all alone wandering she knew not whither,
 Blown every where much like unto a feather,
 Inconstant light, and wavering, apt to vexe,
 As is the nature of her timerous sexe.

34.

It is not like in all mens judgement found,
 They rambl'd farre from Edens fruitful ground,
 Or that but two so kind and tender hearted,
 In all their lives should for a yeare be parted :
 Besides the opinion of the learned wits,
 Grave, antient fathers ever more that sits,
 Revolving of the highest deepest workes,
 That in Gods booke divinely lies and lurkes ;
 The sacred Stories of all ages past,
 Which evermore eternally shall last,
 Have made it clear for every man to tell,
 That in this place our Parents both did dwell,
 Liv'd long secure, above the Garden kept,
 Joy'd with the sight, yet for their fall they wept,
 Though they were bard to come againe within,
 By reason of their foul contagious sin,
 Yet they desir'd for all their past disgrace,
 But for to live neere to that lovely place.

35

Heere first with boughs, and such like broken
 Stuffe,
 They built a house, under a simple ruffe,
 Then like a couple that but late did wed,
 With pelts and leaves, they made a homely bed,
 Where they enjoyed more pleasure, true content,
 Than in the Courts of Greatest Kings are spent:
 Himself all naked in a sheepes skin curl'd,
 The sole Commander of this totall world,
 Is glad to worke to passe his time in peace,
 To serve his God from further sin to cease.

36.

Thus overjoyed upon a time it fell,
 The circumstance I must forbear to tell,
 Playing with Eve within that shady bowere,
 And in his arms his loveliest sweetest flowere,
 Embracing, toying, smiling, kissing sweete,
 The sports most chaste unto a Spouse bed meete.
 Thinking the time he had with her beguil'd,
 Forgets himself, and she conceives with child.

37.

Strange is the change she in herself doth find,
 An extreme passion working in her mind,
 Longing oft-times some sops in Tarre to lick,
 Her bodies alter'd and her stomack sick,
 Black ugly berries, fulsome unripe Plums,
 And every thing that in her way next comes,
 The goodly fruits which are within the walls,
 Of Paradise, she to her husband calls,
 Desires, intreats him, as he loves his wife,
 Forth with to haste, and fetch to save her life.
 Full forty weekes she lived in this case,
 Feeding on toys and greenest drugs most base,
 On Dirt and trash, on ashes, hips and hawes,
 She finds shes ill, and yet she knows no cause,
 At length it fell whilst she was forth of doors,
 Chasing the deer, hunting the furious Bores,
 To get some venison, or such dainty dish,
 To satisfie his wifes desired wish:
 Like Hercules that in a strange disguise,
 Retired home with such a welcome prize,

Findes his dear Darling full of mirth and joy
And in her arms a goodly infant boy.

38.

Th' admiration, wondrous great content,
To see a Child thus fortunately sent,
Sweete living picture module of himselfe,
The world and all he now esteems as pelfe,
With joy o'er cloyd, upon the face doth gaze :
Like to a man astonisht in amaze,
All mute he stands not knowing what to thinke,
No reason yet into his head can sinke,
How it can be conceived in the breast,
Of Eve (sweet woman) whom he loved best.

39.

When once revived out of that pleasing trance,
The tender Babe he in his arms doth dance,
Smiles on his face and questions with his wife,
How first 'twas sent thus to prolong his life ;
The Child she said, to her immortal fame,
She knew not well how first to her it came,
But that she thought although her sence was
weake,

This was the seed the serpents head should breake,
Told him in words and gentle speeches mild,
That by the Lord she had conceived that child
True are thy words dear Eve, and most true thy
heart,

Why should a man thy meaning pure invert,
It cannot sink into thy sacred thought,
How of thy self an infant thou hast brought,
As well might Adam in thy senses seem,
To beare a child, for ought that thou canst deem.
When of the world 'twas in the early morne,
And the first babe that ever yet was borne.

40.

How damn'd prophane are those accursed lips,
Which in Gods Church shall make such dangerous
slips,

Within the same to belch to thy disgrace,
Even in a sacred and most public place,
Behinde thy back when thou art dead and past,
And canst not answer what their mouth out cast,

Thus to belie mens soules to Sin allure,
 Wrestling thy speech with baneful breath impure :
 Not terrifide with heavens all threatning rod,
 But dares to teach (that thou didst swear by God
 Thou hadst a child) and often times to speak it,
 If it were true, unto the world to break it,
 Is worse than was that serpent damn'd accurst,
 In Paradise which wrong'd thy person first.

41.

And thus we see the cursed envious snake,
 That sleepest to goodnesse, but to evil doth awake,
 To lurke all close under the sweetest flowre,
 When Goddess *Flora* all her pride doth powre,
 Upon the earth within the midst of May,
 To such fell poison from the holesom'st gay,
 When the deere painful wise labroious Bee,
 Ten thousand ways about heavens blossoms flee,
 On every within the Garden sits,
 And out from them the wax and honey gets,
 Conveys it safely to her well wrought hive,
 To pleasure friends, and keepe her swarm alive.

42.

Let serpent snake, and all the viperous seede,
 That ever Envy in her wombe did breede,
 Hacht in the bowells of th' infernall vault,
 Where none but Devils and damned Atheists halt :
 Twixt God and Belial still thy speech oppose,
 Yet shall thy words smell as the fragrant Rose :
 Or like those Flowers in Paradise were planted
 By God himselfe, when he the Garden haunted.

43.

Deare Eve, thy worth I ever must admire
 Thou sittest above within the angel quire,
 Tuning thy voice unto their sacred layes,
 To sound forth glory to the Prince of praise,
 Like Gods owne daughter (whom he loves most
 deare)

Warbling sweet musicke in th' Almightyes eare,
 Or that pale Vergin with her glimmering lampe,
 That lights the world under heavens starry campe,
 The virtues which within thy breast were bred,
 Shall neare be stained by any viperous head,

So long as fame can sound thy glorious worth,
Chaste Paragon, the richest gem on Earth.

44.

Take all the ladies breathing on this ball,
The sweetest fac't, the noblest born, and all
The famous Queenes and Monarchs of the world,
Which on the wheele of Fortune have been hurld,
That ever liv'd upon this earthly frame:
Now gone and past too infinite to name,
The Saints themselves and all the blessed troope,
Those that now live within heavens burnisht
hoope:

Though thou art blam'd as author of their fall,
Yet art thou still the mother of them all.

45.

Like to the Vine so is thy fruitful wombe,
Thy speech more sweet than is the honey combe:
Thy breath all pure, which from thy lips comes
out,

Thy browes impal'de with chastenesse round about:
From thee at first were peopled every land,
Like Olive plants thy tender infants stand
About thy table, in a seemely sort,
To overjoy and make thee gladsome sport.

46.

But why should I run further in thy praise,
Upon Fames winges thy living name to raise,
Blazing thy parts, maintaining of thee still,
And foul detraction aims to worke thy ill.
Aye to deface thy modest speeches pure,
With scandal vile, forever to endure:
When as thy worth exceeds the learnedst thought,
That by thy meanes into the world is brought,
And still the truth convinceth brings to light,
The actions false, obscurd, in envies night,
Dissolves to naught the mortar made of clay,
The buildings fram'd of stubble, trash and hay,
The good from bad, the sheepe from wolves doth
sever,

And brands the devil in his false tongue forever.

47.

And yet we see, the sacred truth not free
From viperous tongues, gnawe in the worst degree,

Taxt often times, and squeesed like a sponge,
 By Romish Tigers at her side that hung,
 Inverting, stregthing, construing all her words,
 With error, falsehood, damned ways and girds.
 Chaste virtuous *Eve*, now she is past and dead,
 The serpents seed must break the womans seed.

48.

But in the heavens th' eternall God of powere,
 At justice barre will on their faces lowre,
 And on their heads thunder his judgements downe,
 When *Eve* shall stand adorned with a Crowne:
 Then shall their actions in his dredful ire,
 Be purged all, and tride as gold i' th' fire.
 The wicked words their envious tong hath spake,
 To her disgrace, shall make them yearne and
 quake:

And in the end the sword shall just divide,
 The good from those which have her worth belide,
 Whose feet shall totter, on hells fatal wheele,
 And headlong downe to damned devils shall reele:
 Whilst *Eve* shall sit triumphant on the skies,
 Viewing their fall, hearing their moanes and cries,
 Joying to see the sacred truth prevail,
 Her meaning clear'd, her foes to weepe and waile.

49.

And yet deare *Eve* I must not leave thee there,
 But bring thee downe, more children for to beare:
 If but with one thou hadst begun and ended,
 Yet had the world been by thy means befriended.
 But to replenish with thy fruitful spawnne,
 From Sols first rising where his team doth dawne,
 The total earth on every side and round,
 Here is a love the like was never found,
 Within the breast of any woman kind
 Our thoughts, hearts, actions all our zeal to bind,
 In true devotion to thy reverent name,
 Much to admire so sweet a noble Dame.
 When thy first child into the world was borne,
 Straight he began to take delight in Corn,
 In large possessions working up the soil,
 Neare Paradise with painful labor toil,
 Tilling the ground, and planting of the grain
 His name thereby was fitly called Cain.

Whilst thou again conceivest a second child,
A sweet born babe of countenance more mild :
And after that about some three score more
Of sons and daughters which thy body bore,
All nurst by thee after their timely birth,
To fill the world, and people all the earth.

50.

Thus with thy husband (in that arbour'd tent)
Thou spendst thy days in wondrous great content,
In true religion, Sacrifices, Rites,
Such as thy heart unto thy God indites,
Joying in him, and he againe in thee,
The sweetest life, that ever eye could see,
When as together in your children small,
You train them up on Eden's God to call :
And teach them young by your own steps allure,
Them to all good, chaste, honest actions, pure,
The golden ground, the heavenly starre, and
guide,

From which but few do ever after slide.

51.

Happy, thrice happy are those Children born,
A crowne of glory shall their browes adorne,
Whose infant yeeres are by their parents first,
With the pure milke of true Religion nurst :
In riper dayes when blustering blasts assail,
The mountains high, that overtops the dale,
Their faith stands firm as fixt, upon a rocke,
Not easily stird by every waving shock :
But constant bides, most permanent and sure
The assaults of Sathan strongly to endure.

52.

In elder time when age doth threaten death
At latest gaspe, even when our vital breath
Begins to fail, in hastning on our end ;
And kinsfolk, friends upon us all attend,
With sad lamenting, and sorrowful eyes,
To see our soule how up to heaven it flies,
Forsakes the earth, willing the world to lose,
Incombred with a thousand cares and woes,
That in this life daily attend the sheepe,
Until with Christ above the clouds they keepe,

O then the comfort, sweet delight and joyes,
When all things else seems to their sense but
toyes.

Then the good Shepard in his arms embraceth,
All those that love him, wondrously he graceth,
With this kind welcome, *Come ye blessed Souls*
Come drink the nectar kept in cristal bowls,
Eat this ambrosia as a sacred token,
That for thy sin my body once was broken:
Receve heavens crowne th' eternal kingdom kept,
For all those (Saints) which from the world have
sept.

53.

But soft my Muse, what makst thou now above.
Out of this world, thus on a sudden move
Adam to leave his fruitful wife, and all
His pleasures, joyes, and both his children small,
Even in this Spring and glory of their birth,
Weary of all, thus to forsake the Earth,
As if thou tookst more pleasure, true delight
Within the heavens, than in their sinful fight.
Stay yet awhile, and as thou hast begun,
So to the end thy course directly run:
Leave them not thus; O do not now surcease,
Till thou hast brought them to their graves in
Peace:

Shew all their lives, the chief of every thing,
Their crosses, griefs, do thou (divinely) sing,
But yet (at first) tell how in loving sort,
The brothers lived, and made their Parents sport.

54.

Those that long, long without a child have been,
And never issue of their own have seen,
But without kindred, friends and those which may
With some content succeed at later day.
If these (I say) when least of all they thought
Should children have so fortunately brought,
To prittle, prattle every word by chance,
And up and downe about the house to dance:
With many toyes that in their minor yeares
Gives great content, the Parents love endears
Let these men speak, but with a judgment sound
What high content themselves have often found

In the like sports of tender infants sweet,
 That hardly, yet can crawl upon their feet,
 The same we may of Eve and Adam think,
 And ten times more than in our heads can sinke
 How in their Babes they joyd and took delight,
 And never well when they were out of sight.

55.

Caine in the blossoms of his blooming youth,
 As 'tis recorded in the sacred truth,
 Takes much delight in planting of the seeds,
 The fruitful vine, and all that nature breeds,
 The choicest, rarest, daintiest, and the best
 That ever yet she bare upon her breast,
 Walkes all about, and views the richest ground,
 By Paradise on every side and round
 With shov'ls and spades he tumbles up the Earth,
 His chiefst aim to be a man of worth,
 And Lord it o'er his other brethren all,
 That they may bowe, within his presence fall:
 To that intent he labours, workes, and toils,
 In sweat and dust, i'th' dust (ofttimes) he moyles
 Like a mere worldling spends his youthful dayes,
 His mind (oft turns) a thousand kind of ways:
 If he can find some new contrived tricke,
 To ease himselfe, the soil up clean to strick,
 And bring the same in temper for the graine,
 That he may play and yet possesse the gain.

56.

Industry, Reason, all the arts conspire,
 To frame an Engine fiercest horse to tire,
 The Oxen, Cattle, and the strongest Waines
 That ever wrought upon the fertile plaines:
 Himself and all (is labouring with) this plough,
 His joints growstiffe, and brawny arms all rough,
 Yet in the same he finds so much content,
 That his best days in this hard work are spent.

57.

His brother *Hable* doth not idly live,
 But to some art his toward mind doth give,
 Whose chief delight is in the harmlesse sheepe,
 The bleating flocks upon the down to keepe,
 To follow them when often times his eyes
 Are upwards bent upon the lofty skies,

Observing thus a thousand several things,
 That heavenly matter to his senses brings,
 Their number, order with their great increase,
 And quiet life, spending their days in peace,
 By faith perceiving hidden mysteries
 The sum of that which in the scripture lies;
 How from the fold a lamb shall forth be taken
 Which would be one day of the rest forsaken,
 That he should be the sacrifice and guide,
 Sole ransom full for all the world beside.

58.

Thus these two brothers liv'd and spent their
 dayes.

Oft times in work, some times in sport and playes:
 In as much love, delight, content and all,
 As ever two that breathed upon this ball.
 If you should ramble o'er the total Earth,
 You'll hardly find two brethren from their birth
 Throughout the world in all the ages spent,
 In true bred love an evener course that went,
 At bed, at board, at Home, abroad i' th' weather,
 They seldom part but always keep together:
 Walke, talke, discourse, even all the day and night,
 They are not well but one i' th' others sight.

59.

All the week long delightfully passe
 The time away in browzing up the grasse,
 In husbandrie and such as I have told,
 But on Gods rest pins them within a fold,
 On ground well fenc't on every side about,
 That they may feed, but not wander out.

60.

Upon which day, when once out of their bed,
 By the example of their parents led,
 They altogether meet, to rest and pray,
 To sanctifie the sacred Sabaoth day,
 To thinke on God, crave pardon for their sins
 Where Adam then to teach them all begins
 Instructs them well in true religion first,
 Tells them the cause which made them thus
 accurst,
 To use their wits, to labor worke and toil,
 In the wide fields to spend their days and moyle,

To keep the sheep and by their cunning sleight,
 To frame an Engine of such wondrous weight,
 Whereas God knowes before their fearful fall,
 In Paradise they needed none at all,
 Wills them to love entirely, void of strife,
 The Heavenly way unto the Tree of Life.

61.

This is their worke and holy practice pure,
 Sweet exercise forever to endure,
 Thus they continue running of their race,
 Whilst sharing day and harvest comes apace,
 Then they bestir them, toil it out all day,
 Inning their corn making the new mown hay,
 And in the end they all together feast,
 To give God thanks, and from their labor rest:
 When the next Sabaoth clad in seemely suites,
 They sacrifice the first of both their fruits,
 In shew of thanks for all the plenteous store,
 That flocks and fields to their content hath bore.

62.

Habell begins to show his grateful mind,
 Seekes all the flock the chiefest Lambs to find,
 The first fallen fruits, the goodliest fat and faire,
 That all the world cannot with them compare,
 The golden prize that Jason brought to Greece,
 From *Colches* Isle was not so fine a fleece,
 As each of these upon their backs did bring,
 To feede and cloath in Earth the greatest king,
 He brings them freely with a willing heart,
 Even glad with them and all the rest to part,
 And layes them downe before the God of might,
 Both in his fathers and his brothers sight,
 Offring them up a sacrifice most pure,
 Unspotted cleane his sinful soul to cure,
 Implores th' eternal praying ever still,
 For to be pleas'd thus to accept his will,
 As a meere figure and a (sacred) tipe,
 Of that deare Lamb whose blood away shall wipe,
 The scarlet sins that on the earth shall flow,
 With Isop wash, clense them as white as snow.

63.

The prayers, speeches, heavenly grateful words,
 The inward heart and meaning all accords,

The ascending favour, sweete perfuming scent,
With that pure Lambe which in the same is
meant:

Climbs up the air and mounts to God above
An offering free (accepted) full of love,
Which thing to shew that he was partly pleas'd,
His anger past, and all his wrath appeas'd,
Just at that instant down from heaven did shine,
A burning fire and sacred light (divine)
Which in their sight convey'd the sacrifice,
Of from the Earth, up to the lofty skies,
" *When presently a voice was downward cast,*
This I accept for thine offences past."

64.

Cain more for shew than either Love or zeal,
To God, Religion or his own souls weal,
Stands by beholding of the sacred light,
And voice (divine) downe from the Prince of
might,

Expecting that his formal sacrifice,
Stuff'd with all *Guilt*, Hypocrisie and lyes,
Ambition, pride, base coveteounesse accurst,
Yet thought his gift should be accepted first,
As coming from the eldest first born peere,
The son and heir, whom Adam loved deere.

65.

Medusa, damn'd, in foul black ugly cloathes,
That all the world most deadly hates and loathes,
Swolne like a Toade, her lookes cast downe to Hell,
Where none but fiends, and hateful monsters
dwell,

Whose cursed hair, about her shoulders falls,
Powdred with Serpents full of poisoned galls,
Hissing and crawling round about her head,
Hatcht by a viper in her wombe that bred,
Rends up the earth ascendeth like a Ghost,
Conveys herself into the promist coast,
By Paradise where Cain was sacrificing,
Some of his corn his double heart disguising
Watches the Time when as she thought most best,
And wunds her close in his dissembling breast.

66.

No sooner she was in his breast acquainted,
But his best blood was with her venome tainted,
His veins swoln up and all his body puffed
His head, heart, lungs (infectuously) were stufed,
With Envy, malice, wrath and deadly rage,
Nothing could now his stomach fell assuage,
Finding no ease, his countenance falls downe,
His cankered mind diseased by his frowne,
Now father, Mother, Brother, none he brookes,
That Heaven itself takes notice of his looks.

67.

Since first the light from darkness was discovered,
Or that the clouds within the air have hovered,
The Heavens and Earth, the sea and all begun,
And Phaeton his endless race hath run,
About the world in twice twelve hours sight,
Or silver Cinthia shew'd her pale face light,
Never was seen a more delightful day,
The glittering sun in burnisht bright array,
Nor Heaven (itself) more pleasing ever smile,
Than when the brothers on loves alter pile,
The sacrifice before their fathers face,
To God above within that holy place.

68.

But when *Medusa* from Hells deepest vaults,
Began but once to spy mans secret faults,
And from her den in dark Oblivion pent,
The bowells of her Mother Earth had rent
To come aloft into the open air,
With her foul breath, infectious poisoned hair,
And rags (most base) as late before I told,
To seat herself in Caines securest hold
Then Heaven and Earth, and all began to change,
The winged clouds above this ball to range,
The burning lamps within the firmament,
Seem'd for to wink as if their oil was spent,
The glorious sun to hide his glistening face,
Asham'd of Envy in a sacred place:
And all at once most fearfully to lowre,
To threaten tempests or some sudden showre,
When instantly on Caines dissembling head,
A sable cloud from all the rest out sped,

Began to stand himselfe and all just under,
Hearing his voice out from a dreadful thunder.

69.

“False hypocrite how canst thou simulize,
Before my face thy actions foul disguise,
To think that I which all the world adorn
Would thus be fed with riff-raff of thy corn,
Or yet in blood to satiate myself,
To live as thou by base and Earthly pelf,
And not conceive that Holy thing is ment,
Within the same which gives me full content,
Why is thy soul thus pestered with a sore,
Ranckled, bespaked, like a rotten core,
Thy conscience, deedes, false envious mind so bad,
Thy lookes cast downe, and countenance so sad,
Dost thou not know that if thy heart be right,
Thy actions good and pleasing in my sight
Thou shalt be accepted best and more,
That otherwise sin lyeth at thy door?”

70.

“Think on my word, halt not within my sight,
I am that God which brings thee truth to light,
Amend thy life, at cursed envy hisse,
Repent thy self of what is done amisse,
Let her not once be harboured in thy breast,
Nor in thy heart her baneful poison rest,
Redeeme the time, behold the lofty skies,
Where love and mercy for offences lies.
One comfort more than thou deservest I give,
Thy brother yet shall at thy service live:
Thou like a Lord shalt over-rule him still,
And his desire according to thy will,
Shall subject be, devoted ever stand,
To run and go with (Joy) at thy command,
But yet take heed, do not too high aspire,
Goe, sinne no more, and heap no coals 'pon the
fire.”

71.

The Heavenly voice downe from the clouds
descending,
In these sad words sweetly divinely ending,
The day clear'd up, and Sol began againe,
To shew his face upon the sacred plaine:

The air all still, the lofty winds quight calm,
 Adam and Abell singing of a Psalme;
 Caines sacrifice alone upon the ground,
 Untouh't at all still to their view they found,
 Whereat (with joy) to see the God of power,
 To smile on one, and on the other lower:
 To veil his face unto their sinful sight,
 Hearing his voice out from the dreadful light,
 Home they depart in wonderment and peace,
 Minding awhile from further worke to cease:
 Whilst *Cain* alone retireth discontent,
 Forsakes his God, and to the fields he went,
 His envious mind still runs on this disgrace,
 False to be found before his fathers face.

72.

All working Power, deep searcher of the Reines,
 Discerner of the inward heart and veines,
 What secret act can from thy sight be hid?
 Thine eye still saw what either brother did,
 How just art thou and full of mercies sweet,
 The eyes of all are cast downe at thy feet;
 The greatest men and monarchs of the earth,
 The first born seed, and noblest in their birth,
 The proud commanders in their formal coates,
 The homebred sheep thou dost deceive from
 Goates:

The eldest brother youngest in thy sight,
 Are both alike, so that their hearts be right,
 No outward form can make thee partialize,
 Thou lookst upon the inward sacrificize,
 Beholding Habels willing grateful gift,
 Which thou art pleas'd up to the clouds to lift;
 When Cain (false hearted) tho' he was first borne,
 Him thou forsakst, leaving his gift forlorne,

73.

O woful, fearful, is the dangerous state,
 Of every man so over charged with hate,
 Whom God by this cannot to good convert,
 But gives quight over to a stoney heart,
 Apostacy making a man to quake,
 God, Father, friends all utterly forsake:
 Prince, country, Kingdome, all the Land in hope,
 To run perhaps unto the Turke or Pope,

In discontent, for conscience, gaine or pelfe,
To sell their soules unto the Devil himselfe,

74.

Some to their shame have had small cause to
boast,

Of this foul sin against the *Holy Ghost*,
Accurst and damn'd of all that ever fell,
But few I know, but quick went down to hell,
Amongst the Devils in everlasting paines,
Loaden with Bolts of heavy burning chaines;
Whilst those return'd like to a Dog that gurnes,
That back againe unto his vomit turns
Or beastly sow bemir'd in durty tilth,
Clear water shuns to scoure away her filth,
But in a ditch with some unsavoury boar,
She layes her down far worse than ere before.

75.

How can we think or well conceive in heart,
That those which once do from their country part,
And shall forget the grounds wherein at first,
With Pastors pure they were traird up and nurst,
That do renounce their faith and every thing,
Their oath allegiance to the State and King,
And in this sinne without repentance fall?
How of that man can there be hope at all,
When as his case what shew so ere he gaine,
Is but the same with cursed envious Cain.

76.

I must confesse Repentance is a worke,
Of Gods great love, which cannot lie and lurke,
Within the heart, but that it forth must shine,
Like to a Light upon a Hill divine,
Kindled by faith, a conscience clean and pure,
That cannot once her former ways indure,
But by good works doth blaze the same abroad,
Without all guile, hipocracy or fraud
Full of true love, avoiding babbling suites
A tree thats good is ever known by th' fruits.

77.

But yet for him that from the Church is sold,
And in his heart is neither hot nor cold,
With God and Mammon can with both indent
Whose mind on mischief is full set and bent

That what he can into his hands doth get,
 And all is fish which commeth in his net.
 That doth forsake his own religion first,
 The same I mean wherein he hath bin nurst,
 Inconstantly another shall imbrace,
 What ere he think he is in woful case.
 Well may one judge his conscience may be ping'd,
 For that one thing how many have been hang'd :
 And he again that in his ripest yeeres,
 Forsakes the same, as plain by Cain appeares,
 And both of them he hath distasted quite,
 May be in 's age a damned Pagan right.

78.

Besides examples in the Scriptures pure,
 Which aye shall last, eternally endure,
 Of cursed atheist, in their bitter gall,
 That *Julian* like from God and Christ did fall,
 The monster vile within the Gospel curst,
 Which hang'd himself, when all his bowells burst :
 And divers others tedious here to name,
 Whose ends have shewed just judgements on their
 shame :

Hath not Experience in this Age of ours,
 Branded Apostates of the heavenly powers,
 With fearful vengence woful to behold,
 Upon the Earth for being (impious) bold :
 As amongst many, infinite to write,
 But one neere us instead of all i'll cite,
 Whose scandall foul about the world is blown
 His story rife amongst us all well known.

79.

Faustus by name, by birth a German bred,
 Whose minor years were with religion fed,
 In liberal arts his mind but young did wade,
 A schoole Divine and Doctor after made
 Traind up as well as ever man could be
 In learnings lore, and sweet divinities :
 So was this *Cain*, the like was Judas fell,
 All three no doubt with damned devils in Hell.
 The foremost two with blood their hands defild,
 But this a man, which never hurt a child.
 How with a knife made he in veins to bleed,
 Then with his blood to write the Devil a deed,

Conveying soul and body by the same
 To be tormented in eternal flame,
 Never repenting till 'twas too late,
 Damn'd, woful, fearful, in a desperate state :
 Cursing the hour of his untimely birth,
 By God forsaken, taken from the Earth,
 With exclamations, hideous fearful cries,
 Sprites, Ghosts, and devils about the house their
 flies :

His brain thrasht out on every post and wall,
 Sad spectacle, dire, mournful, fearful fall,
 When soul, life, learning, all at once he lost
 A woful purchase to his painful cost :
 His bowels mangled carrion like (and tore)
 Imbued in filth, and stinking poisoned gore :
 Next day (tormented) in this case was found.
 (By Devils) cast out upon a dunghill ground.

80.

When once the Prince of darkness in the deep,
 By power divine, enjoined was to keep,
 And that the Serpent hateful and accurst,
 Was in the centre of the Earth downe thrust :
 Their ugly spawn then hacht the vilest elfe
 That ever crawld, besides the Devil himselfe,
 Foul furious Envy, as but late I told,
 With viperous snakes about her head all rold :
 And she againe out from their baneful breath,
 Hath brought an impe like ghostly fearful death,
 Limb of the Devil still worst than all the rest,
 Mishapen, vile, base Antichristian beast,
 Monster of nature, false in every part,
 Apostacie with crablike crawling heart :
 Contagious, fell, most dangerous in her tongue,
 From whom all treasons in this world first sprung :
 The hateful deeds which some have pact together,
 Under religion, may be brought all hither :
 The secret actions infinite that lurke,
 Which in mans heart and gall together worke :
 The poisonings, murders, every cursed rape,
 For whom this Earth doth yawne her mouth and
 gape,
 Seeking to swallow, in her lawes devowre,
 Within the midst of her dark wombe to poure

The actors damn'd under oblivions night,
 Not fit to breath, or to behold heavens light:
 Base scum and dregs, the works of darknesse first
 Proceeding from Apostacies at first.

81.

But what make I with damned atheist vile,
 My sacred verse with antichrist defile,
 To rouse from Hell tormented hideous sprites,
 Foul ghastly Ghosts which all the world affrights:
 That my dear muse should thus by fiends be crost,
 From heaven of late within the deepe be lost.
 Hells ugliest monster to unmaske, and lay
 All open thus, falling within my way,
 That little taste to every palate yields.
 And all this while Caine wanders in the fields.
 With passions working in his hateful breast,
 Sad, discontent, may in his face be guest:
 Revenge all bloody with a poisoned dart,
 Starts up from hell, enters with his Hart.
 Base cursed *Fury* hacht by *Envy* first,
 Apostacie this damned hell hound nurst:
 The masked traine that all her life befriended her,
 Are guilt, Deceit, and Falsehood to attend her.

82.

This monster, Caine close in his breast did hide,
 With all the rest of that damn'd rout beside:
 And home returns as if he had forgot,
 The discontent of his discovered blot:
 The blurre late made in his religious cote,
 As out of minde he seemes not now to note,
 But full of forme and outward complement,
 As if his mind was all to goodnesse bent;
 With much respect unto his father first,
 And duty shewd to her his body nurst:
 Upon his brother (fawningly) he lookes,
 And learns him then to make the shepards hookes,
 To catch a sheepe running with all her speed,
 And he again helps him his land to weed.
 Thus Caine continues for a certaine space,
 Before his fathers and his mothers face,
 In outward guise, formality and speech,
 As if his heart had had no further reach:

Until that act foul barberous deed befell,
Which makes me mute, almost afraid to tell:
But that from God the same at first I heard,
Described plaine in his drad Sacred word.

83.

Caine but few nights in this bad meaning slept,
For fire in flaxe can but a while be kept:
And not long after as may well be guest,
When father, friends, and all suspected least,
Even then he takes occasion by her lock,
Singles forth Habel from his harmlesse flock,
With flattering words traines him along to walke,
The fragrant fields, holds him on still with talke,
Until at last (inhumane wretch) unkind,
Base villaine curst he staid a while behind,
To find a lever that he late had laid,
Within the corn which wondrous heavy weighed,
This on his shoulder up from thence he takes,
His fatal way to his dear brother makes,
Who all this while lay in a slumber sweete,
Upon the grasse resting his weary feete,
Thinking no hurt, full of all peace and love,
His mind in heaven walking with God above;
Which when the Caitiff (varlet vile) had spied,
No longer then he could his envy hide,
But with a blow on Habels head downe right,
With both his hands, and all his maine and
might,

The lever laid him in that woful case,
That blood and braines flew round about the
place;

And lest his deede might afterwards be found,
He takes his body, rakes it up i' th' ground.

84.

Damn'd miscreant, unworthy that thine eyes,
Should once behold the clearnesse of the skyes,
What hast thou done unto thy brother deare?
That thou shouldst thus about the cornefields leer,
And watch a time to work that fearful fact,
For which 'twere pity but thy neck were crackt.
What art now the better to have seene,
His crimson blood bedew the ground all greene,

His body mangled, skull to pieces beate?
 How canst thou (vengeance) from the Heavens
 defeat?

Dost thou not see that all begins to lowre,
 The clouds to wrack, upon thy heads to pour,
 Downe sulphry flames of hot consuming fires,
 The sun for shame his glorious face retires;
 All to grow dark, the singing birds to weepe,
 To see man brought thus to his latest sleepe,
 The *Furies* loose the Devils from Hell to roule,
 Above the Earth gaping for this thy soule?
 How canst thou think to hide thy cursed deede,
 When as the Fowls within the aire which breede,
 The creatures all presented to thy sight,
 Will murthers shew and bring the truth to light.

85.

Great Nemesis the lady of the skyes,
 Without a maske before her nimble eyes,
 On *Pegasus* the Horse of fame doth ride,
 With Justice sword close to her valliant side,
 Scowres through the air just at that instant time,
 When as the streame of Hables blood did clime,
 Up to the Heavens like to a smoke ascending,
 The clouds in sunder all betearing, rending,
 Casts downe her looks upon his crimson blood,
 Beholds the gore like to a streaming flood:
 No longer stays but mounteth up the throne,
 Of God above making a fearful moan,
 Tells all the cause discovereth this thy deede,
 Desires just judgement on thy self and seede,
 Imploreth all the sacred powers divine,
 That they would now but with herself combine,
 And grant her leave to take revenge on this,
 So foul a murther as thy fait now is.
 Behold a voice downe from the God of might,
 Revenger of the poore mans cause and right,
 That seldome sleepes but in the Heavens he heares,
 The wrongs, oppressions mournfull cries and teares,
 Of innocents by greatness oversway'd,
 By guile and treason often times betray'd,
 Brought to their ends by the malicious guilt,
 Of envious men that others blood have spilt,

Wasted their state, consum'd their lands and
 life,
 Swallow'd their goods, contending still in strife.

86.

The sacred voice out from a thunder-clap,
 Of dradful lightnings at that sad mishap,
 Thus spake to Caine hard by that fatal place,
 Where Habels blood lay covered in that case,
 With clods and moulds as even but late I told,
 By that vile wretch over his body rold,
 "Come tell me Caine the thing I shall demand,
 Seeke not to hunt, on no excuses stand,
 Halt not before me as of late thou didst,
 When a false heart under thy coat did hidst,
 What makst thou heere thus wandring all alone,
 Where is thy brother, whither is he gone?
 What is become of Habel, lov'd thee deare,
 That next thy Parents was to thee more neer,
 Than all the world, and all that therein moved,
 Whose faithfull mind thy presence ever loved."

87.

The graceful Villaine imprudently bold,
 As if he scorn'd of God to be controlld,
 Or askt a question from that heavenly lip,
 This answer straight out of his mouth let slip:
 "I cannot tell, for what have I to doe,
 To take account of Hable yea or no,
 Or in his presence to be tied or stay,
 Within the fields as heretofore to play,
 Tis like enough if that the sun had shin'd
 Above the clouds you might him chance to find,
 It may be that hee's feeding of his Sheepe,
 Upon the Downs or fallen fast asleepe,
 Or else you may go looke a little deeper,
 How can I tell, am I my brothers keeper?"

88.

"Blasphemous Wretch, what hast thou done"
 quoth God,
 "Art not afraid of my revenging Rod,
 But thus to spill thy dearest brothers blood,
 Upon the ground in thy inhumane moode?
 Why (varlet) hast thou to my face belide,
 How canst thou thinke thy fact from me to hide,

When as the blood of this thy brother shed,
For vengeance just upon thy murdering head?
Cried from the Earth making a fearfull moan,
With pitteous shrieks ascending up my throne,
That downe I came from Heaven above with speed,
To give the judgement for thy damned deed.

89.

“Curst therefore art thou in thy chieftest worth
Curst from the Heavens, and curst from all the
Earth,

That kindnesse shewd her mouth hath opened wide,
Within her womb thy brothers blood to hide,
Hereafter now when thou the ground shalt till,
It shall not yield nor yet thy barns shall fill:
With that increase which heretofore it gave,
To thy content that thou desirdest to have.

A vagabond upon the spacious face
Of all the Earth, roaming from place to place.
With every rascal thou shalt now cologue,
Base renegade, no better than a rogue,
Thy days shall waste, thy glass shall hourly run,
Until the thread of this thy life be spun,
Content with peace, quiet, thou shalt have never:
A scared conscience shall torment thee ever:
And in the end even in thy fearefull sight
Hells furies curst before thy face shall light,
The damned Devils with all their hideous rout,
Shall wind thee in, hemming thy soul about,
Attending on thee till thine eyes be shut,
And so devoure thee in their greedy gut.”

90.

The sturdy villaine with these last words stroke
In woful feare his heart is wellnigh broke,
Despairing quite of any helpe at all,
To this sad speech doth (most prophanely) fall.
O who shall rid me from these torments fell,
Hacht in the Bowels of the deepest Hell,
Nurc't in my breast, harbourde within my heart,
That now I feel much to my paine and smart,
The furies (damned) about my head I heare,
My punishment is more than I can beare.
A vagabond I am cast out this day,
Both from the Earth, and from thy face to aye,

I shall be hid from all the world beside,
 Wretch that I am, which know not where to bide:
 My father, friends, will ever after hate
 The soul distaste of my envious fate,
 And whosoever finds me one or other,
 Will murder me, as I have done my brother.

91.

The voice (Divine) left him not thus alone
 In Desperation, making of his moane;
 But from the clouds, yet once again it spake,
 Perchance for Hable, or his fathers sake:
 Goe where thou wilt, for he that dares to lay
 Revenging hands upon thy head, for aye,
 Upon the earth, to murder, slay or kill,
 Which in his wrath shall seek thy blood to spill,
 That damned wretch both in his goods and fame,
 In life and death, and all that thou canst name;
 Even in his lands, his basket and his store:
 That man (I say) i'll punish seven times more.
 Because thou shalt not need that thing to feare,
 My badge (divine) for ever thou shalt wear,
 A fearful sign, which who soever shall eye
 But in thy face, my dradful judgements spy
 Shall see and know that I have markt thy hide,
 And branded thee from all the world beside.

92.

Great (powerful God) Creator of this Ball,
 The heavens and earth the firmaments and all,
 How good art thou, in every action just?
 Thou Hables blood beholdest in the dust,
 Com'st downe below, examinst first the deed,
 To judgement then thou dost at large proceed;
 And lest the same might chance neglected bee,
 Thou dost thyselfe the execution see:
 Searing Caines conscience, body, heart and liver,
 And marking him (as now I tolde) for ever
 Yet (holy father) let us know the pith,
 The badge and sign that thou didst brand him with.

93.

Some men there be which think the mark of Cain,
 Was that foul, horrid, irksome, fearful paine,
 Scab'd *Leprosy*, or woful falling Evill,
 As if possessed with some spirit or Devil:

Or shivering, shaking of his sturdy joints,
That every way his body reels and points,
Feares, quivers, trembles in that dradful case,
As most of us have seen before our face :
Or some such thing apparent to each eye,
That every man may his foul fact espy,
Yet what it was, who found this vast abbisse,
When reason blind leades every man amisse.

94.

Tis true, the world in every states Dominion,
Is now of this, and then of that opinion ;
For none alive (which on the Earth do dwell)
Can shew what 'twas, or yet for certain tell,
But by conjecture (likeliest) to be guest,
The ground and sum of all mens judgements best,
Reveald by study in the arts divine,
To all the sisters, learned muses nine,
That Cains most feareful punishment and marke,
For raking up his brother in the darke :
Was that his skin was all to blacknesse turn'd,
Like to a coale within the fire half burnd.

95.

Ah cursed Caine the scourge of all thy race,
Now thou hast got a blacke and murdering face,
For God above (in justice) hath ordaind,
Thy offspring all should to this day be stained,
Unto the grieve and terror of their soules,
For laying Habel in cold dusty moulds,
No other cause the world could ever tell,
To make them looke as if they came from Heil,
Amongst the devils at every step to start,
The fatal place where thou (vile wretch) now art.

96.

Some have alledg'd out of their brains and wit,
The sun himselfe to be the cause of it,
That in the hot and torrid burning Zone,
Under the line there *Phaeton* alone
Must drive his cart and team a little higher,
Or else again the world would be on fire,
The heate extreme their bodyes doth inflame,
Their flesh it parches, and their stomackes tame,
Their blood it dries, their humors all adust,
As if their skin were overgrowne with rust :

If this be true, how is it that there bee
 In Africa, America to see
 Under the line both people white and faire,
 As many men that now in Europe are,
 There borne and bred by courteous natures lawes,
 A pregnant signe that cannot be the cause.

97.

Againe, the Sun with labour great and paine,
 If that the line but once he doth attaine
 Though to the earth he seemeth somewhat nigher
 Yet in his spheare he's mounted farre more higher,
 More temperate there, the people live and well,
 Than do the men under the *Tropicks* dwell,
 And twice a yeere he useth there to burne,
 When once a yeere (i' th' *Tropicks*) serves his turne.

98.

And other men have other reasons found
 To shew the cause which to like purpose sound :
 There be that say, the dryness of the soil,
 May be the cause that doth their bodies soil,
 To make them look worse than a Colliers Elfe,
 Much like the Devil and cursed Cain himselfe,
 From top to toe, from head unto the foot,
 As if with grease they were besmeard and soot.

99.

Unto such men I would but know and try,
 If the Libian desarts be far more dry,
 Whose people parch't, the very sun doth roast,
 Yet are they white or tawny at the most,
 The want of water with the Sun and sand,
 May be the cause that they so much are tanned :
 But yet in negro land the people have,
 Of water store in every ditch and cave :
 For Niger great, even from his very source,
 Just through the midst hath ever kept his course,
 And all the land on every side and round,
 Even like to Niles overflowses the ground,
 The drinesse of their reason we may wave,
 Because tis known they water plenty have.

100.

Those that ascribe it proper to the Earth,
 And see us there even from our birth,

How we and they are born within one place,
 And we are white, and they are black and base,
 May sit them downe and well may take a pause,
 To think with us that cannot be the cause.

101.

And some there be which to this day affirme,
 That 'tis the blacknesse of the Parents sperm,
 To be the cause and for a ground it take,
 But how came they so close a search to make?
 If it be black, which some men have denied,
 How came it so imprinted on their hide,
 That in their youth just in their prime and bud,
 Then is their skin as red as any blood?
 And in their age when perish't is their sight,
 From top to toe they are all yellow quight,
 And if you try to throw one in a ditch,
 To wash him white, hee'll stay as black as pitch.

102.

Others there be above the clouds do fly,
 To search the secrets of their destiny,
 Whose wits and learning sure must wander farre,
 To a constellation or some fixed starre,
 I would the cause they would unto us teach,
 And not to flye so farre above our reach,
 Until which time I shall be well content,
 To think it was Gods righteous punishment,
 On Cursed Caine, and all his offspring lewd,
 For doing that which I before have shew'd.

103.

I must confess upon the upper face,
 Of this wide Ball almost in every place,
 Variety we see in strange attire,
 Complexion, Colour, Nature and Desire,
 Shape, gesture, face, the belly, limbs and back,
 But none more differ than the white from black,
 The Indian born there where the Sun doth rise,
 Is palest, ashey, with redflaming eyes,
 The American which we but late have seene,
 Is Olive coloured of a sad French green,
 The Libian dusky in his parched skin,
 The Moor all tawny both without and in,
 The Southern man, a black deformed Elfe,
 The Northern white like unto God himselfe:

And thus we see, even still upon the Earth,
God shewes his workes both in our lives and birth.

104.

The fatal place where Habels blood was shed,
Is call'd Damascus, Arams chiefest head,
Gem of the Earth, the eye of all the East,
Pearle of the world, where Jupiter did rest,
In Siria Land, the goodliest citty seene,
And sister to (Jerusalem) the Queene,
Sweete Parragon, a royall *Empresse* borne,
That all the world with glory didst adorne,
Until the second *Habels* deereſt bloud,
Ran downe thy streets like to a crimson floud,
Then was thy fields with bloud and slaughter dide,
And made the *stage* to all the *world* beside,
Whereon fierce Tyrants in their barberous hearts,
With murdering minds have acted all their parts.

105.

So hath *Damascus* ſeldome beene at reſt,
Whose fatal name bewrayes her bloudy breſt,
When *Benhadad*, *Hazael*, *Rezin*, fierce,
The ſcarlet ſinewes of her Heart did pierce,
There were the Titans murdered by the Blade,
Of Jupiter, that all their army laid,
In ſuch a ſleepe as till the Earth be ſhak't,
By powre divine will never more be wak't,
Great Babilon, the Tyrant of the Eaſt,
The *Saracens* and *Egypt* in her pierſt,
Brave Pompey wan it in ſad mournfull ſort,
And *Tamberlaine*, he made them all amort;
Jerusalem, which lov'd her deerly well,
Even in her ſtreets hath tol'd her paſſing Bell.
Haalon, the Tartar in his lowring warre,
Within her bowels made a fearful ſkarre:
The *Persian*, *Grecian*, *Chriſtian*, *Romane* laſt,
The cruell Turkes have all their fortunes caſt,
And fill'd the ayre with pitteous ſhreikes and
grones,
Piling up heapes of dead mens ſkuls and bones,
As if the place where Habels bloud was laid,
The burial ground of all the world were made.
Even as the bloud of deere *Adonis* ſlaine,
By cruell Mars, faire Venus love to gaine,

Stain'd all the ground, bedyde the crimson grave,
 That powers divine willing his worth to save,
 From darke Oblivion black forgetfull night;
 Which smothers all in silence from the sight,
 With *Nature* joyn'd to bring forth such a signe.
 As shall forever to all ages shine,
 In memory of that detested fact,
 Which murdering *Mars* did in his fury act:
 Upon the body of that lovely youth,
 Though some perhaps will hardly think it truth,
 But rather by the ancient Poets fain'd,
 Yet they I say have to this day ordain'd,
 That from the bloud of deere Adonis young,
 The safron flowers of all the Earth first sprung.
 So may I say that from the scarlet blood
 Of Habel shed, like to a crimson flood
 Within the midst of rich Damascus plains,
 When Caine unkindly pasht out all his brains.
 It pleased God to his immortal *Fame*,
 That still the soil should testify the same
 With the fragrant flowers, adorning all the ground,
 As no where else in all the world is found:
 That some have thought of this vile deed accurst,
 The *Damaske* rose sprang from his grave at first.

106.

Ah dearest muse, here in this world of woes,
 Mongst *Tigres* fell, and cruell barbarous foes,
 Frodigious men, (inhuman) in their minds,
 Devouring *Beasts* that all to powlder grinds
 The *Infants* face, the *Innocent* to hurt,
 The Lambe to teare, and throw him in the durt.
 How blest are we, which have such wholesome
 lawes,

To keep us safe out from the murdring pawes
 Of rancorous men, that in their deadly rage
 Would (else no doubt) straight shorten all our age,
 By macerating blowes to wound and braine
 And spill our blood, as did that damned Caine.

107.

But yet we cannot say, that we live free
 From as fowle sinnes, and hateful treacherie;
 Now murders, Treasons, envious deeds begun,
 Must close be kept, and privately be done,

We dive to Hell and sound the deepest pits,
 Ransacke the *Graves*, and use our utmost wits
 To find a Devil, or some small sugred *gall*
 To witch a friend, or poison him withall :
 Or else perchance, if we do hap to faile,
 As some there be, will not set all to sale :
 Yet that which curbes them from this damned use,
 I meane the *Law*, how do they it abuse,
 Making the same the poore mans feet to tye,
 The *instrument* of all their *villanie* ?

108.

How are some men by *greatnesse* overswayd,
 Their *Lives*, *Lands*, *Goods*, and *all* they have
 betrayd :

The *foote-ball* made, tost up and downe by foes,
 Turmoyle and vext, plung'd in a world of woes,
 Never at *peace*, forc't all their state to sell,
 Unfortunate by *envious* men to dwell :

Clapt up in *prison*, all their dayes to spend
 In wrangling, jangling, brangling, to noe end.
 There is the *law* where *purses* well are linde,
 To wrong the *weake* to satisfie their minde,
 The loving wife, the self same course must run,
 The Children small are utterly undone.

When once mans heart infected is with *gall*,
 How doth it then to all foule *vices* fall ?
 Baines the whole house, leaving them all forlone,
 Much better farre if they were never borne :
 Than here to live (subjected) toyld with paine,
 But neare the dore to some fell *envious Caine*.

109.

Yet *Sacred Muse*, even in this mortall life.
 The judgement, just of those delight in strife :
 Thou often seest upon their *heads* to fall,
 Some breake their *neckes* off from their horse
 and fall,

And some there be which wanting of their will,
 Have sought themselves their owne heart blood to
 spill,

With poison strong hastned their way to death,
 Or with a rope strangled their cruell breath :
 Usde all ill meanes to make away their lives.
 To childrens grieve and terreur of their wives,

Roving, invoaking, all the Damned fiends,
That all the *world* takes notice of their ends.

110.

Others there be that toucht before their death,
With some remorse lye languishing in breath :
Out of this life cannot at all depart,
Till they have crav'd forgiveness from their heart,
To ease their soule their conscience over pang'd,
Have sent for those whom they before have
wrong'd

Confest the *Truth* desirde them all to pray
To God above for to be pleasde to lay
No further torments, (Judgements) full of feare,
Upon their backs than they can welnigh beare.

111.

Those that run on their current with the tide,
And all their life in envious courses bide :
Deare Muse thou knowest their lowring day is
neere,

When pale fac't death shall to their eyes appeare.
Then shall the *Devil* take them within his powre,
With ghastly lookes even at that dismall howre :
Tortring their soules in everlasting woes,
Heavens just *reward* for all damn'd envious foes.

112.

Meane while the *joyes* that are layd up above,
For those delight in quiet *Peace* and *love*,
Which have bin wrongd with *Patience* much
enurde

Earths stormy brunts have to their paine endure,
That yet do live suffring the wofull smart,
Vexation, grieve, trouble of mind and hart,
And to their end like Christain Martyrs bold,
Holde on their race, as I before have told,
How is there in the Heavens above the line,
A sacred Crowne of purest gold most fine,
Inlayd with *Jems* and orient Pearles of worth,
More richer farre than all upon this Earth,
Preserv'd for those, and layd up safe in store,
When all their foes must stand without the dore,
In endlesse paines with all the devils of hell,
And they with God above the clouds shall dwell,

Possessing there this conquering crown of life,
Free from all care, vexation, trouble, strife.

113.

To muster here upon a *sacred* stage,
The Murders, Treasons, Plots in every age,
Injurious dealings, treacherous actions, base,
Sly cunning *traps* to grinde the poore mans face,
Vexations, wrongs, fell viperous projects vile,
As bad and worse than those which do defile,
Their fowle blacke hands in Christain crimson
blood,

Waste others *state* to do themselves no good:
The damned *rout* of hell spurd *Furies* curst,
That from *Caines* fact tooke all beginning first,
Would tire my *muse*, and weary all my cares,
Amaze your thoughts, and fill you full of feares:
With wonder strike you as a man halfe dead,
And set your haire upright upon your head,
To see since first this world by God was fram'd,
The envious deeds not fitting to be nam'd:
But time divider of each day from night,
Will all disclose and bring the Truth to light,
Successively shall lay them open all,
Just as *occasion* in my way may fall.

114.

Meanewhile (dear *Muse*) let us retire againe,
To shew the life of cursed envious Caine:
And tell what course after this deed he tooke,
How round about on every side his looke
Was fearful gazing, least his fathers eye
Might glance that way, and so the fact espye,
And see Gods judgements on his branded skin,
His blacke foule face for this vile murthering sin.

115.

Asham'd, and shamelesse barbarous wretch
unkind,
From thence he goes, leaves Habel dead behind:
Steals out away, and pryes in every nooke,
For fear his fact should bewraid by's looke:
At length by Chance as he was lingring late,
He finds his sister by his fathers gate,
Takes her away, even in the Evening darke,
As doth a *Kite* a simple harmlesse *Larke*,

And when (alas) she could not well descrye
His foule black colour by her Clowded eye.

116.

Hisspeech she knew, which made her willing more,
To leave her Jewels, kindred, and her store,
And go with him than all the rest beside :
She little thought his hands with blood were dide,
All night they walkt, talking of this and that,
She lovely fayre, he like an ugly *bat*
That shuns the light, is neither bird nor beast,
Of both partakes, (a monster) at the least.
Or like to those that in our dayes do hie,
From us to *Rome*, from thence again cō fly,
And little care so they may have their will,
Mens *soules*, their *lives*, their *state* and all to spill,
As was the case of that damn'd murdring rout,
Which from Hels bowells brought their treasons
out,

Until at last with wandring weary growne,
And want of sleepe together both lay downe,
Whilst he even then, layes open all his mind,
Tels her his love he mindes with her to binde,
That she shall be the object of his eye,
His darling deare from her to never flye,
By means of which adulterous flattring wilde,
Incestuously he gets her there with childe.

117.

But when *Aurora*, glory of the world
Heavens candle bright above the Earth had purld,
And began to shew a burnisht face
Upon these two, in that polluted place :
From slumbring sleepe his sister sodaine wakt,
Starts up and cries, most fearfully she quakt,
So foul a sight by her was never seene,
Thinking the Devill in shape of Caine had beene :
Upright she stands, her hayre upon her head,
Rowzd in the *light* from her adulterous bed,
Faine would she run (wishing herself at home)
Cursing the *time* when she from thence did come,
And glad would be no longer here to stay,
But that from thence she knew not well the way.

118.

Like to a lady in an evening darke,
 Walking alone within her pleasant *parke*,
 Thinking to meet her loving husband deere ;
 Her father, brother, or some welcome Peere ;
 Is by a *villaine* suddenly surprisde,
 In shape, speech, gesture all of them disguisde,
 Carryed away, traynd on a long to walke,
 Misdoubts no *hurt* in all his treacherous talke,
 But freely spends the sable lowring night,
 Her joyes, toyes, pleasures in her *loves* delight,
 Untill the morning of the day appeares,
 Draws wide heavens *curtain*, all the skies it
 cleares,

And makes her see how she hath bin misled,
 By folly, *guile*, brought to an unknown bed :
 Weeps, mourns, laments, teareth her Amber
 hayres,

Raves, frets, and *grieves*, as one distracted stares.
 That once her body lovely chaste and pure,
 Should now be staind thus by a *wretch* impure ;
 And that her *corpes* when Heavens bright candle
 winkt,

Should be but found close to a Monster linkt.

119.

So may we judge was this young virgins case,
 Traynd (as I told you) from that lovely place
 Where *father*, *friends*, acquaintance all she had,
 To cast her fortunes on a varlet bed :
 Damn'd *homocide*, dame natures uglyest marke,
 To be betrayd thus trecherously i' th' darke :
 The unblowne *Rose* defended by the thorns,
Vermillion blush that both her cheeks adorns,
 Chaste, modest thoughts to give the *soule* content,
 When these shall be all ech in sunder rent,
 Deflowr'd, defac't, by *treason* cropt and staind,
 To have i' th' end none but a Mungrell gain'd.

120.

Thus in a maze astonisht all the while,
 Caine looketh up, and on her face doth smile,
 Gently entreats, perswades her not to feare,
 The sun burnt colour that his skin doth beare :

Tels her his face was nothing else but tan'd,
 With walking much about his new plow'd land :
 And that the colour of his face which lay,
 Would cleane be washt and skored all away.

121.

She him beleives, and so from thence they went,
 Like *Vagabonds* without a passport sent :
Roming about until at last they found,
 A pleasant, sweet, delicious, dainty ground,
 Just to the East, hard to the lowring face
 Of sacred justice in that orient place.
 Far from their friends, their country and their God,
 To live with ease within the Land of *Nod*.

122.

Heere first they stayd, and to secure their state,
 They built a house of Timber, stones and slate,
 Turfe, Morter, Durt, and every thing they finde,
 They pile up close to keepe off showers and winde,
 And at the length as if they were afraid,
 That afterwards their lives might be betrayd,
 By savage beasts, inhumane monsters fell,
 Such as himselfe hath hatch't below in Hell,
 Revengefull Tyrants, murdering men and all,
 About his house he builds a spacious wall,
 And in the same he lives for many years
 His conscience stult with horreur, drad and fears.

123.

At length his wife brings forth her first borne
 child,
 A bloudy Elfe, deformed, fowle and wilde,
 Like to the sire, so is his picture drawne,
 Brought up to sweare, cheate, couzen lye and
 fawne,

No God to know, his tongue to curse and fret,
 With envious face, for like doth like beget,
 And he again his sister rude doth take,
 Makes choyce of her to be his only snake,
 That she and he and all the rest beside,
 Which in that place within the walls did bide :
 The cursed *spawne* of *Caines* adulterous race,
 Did in short time so overswarmed the place,
 With multitudes of that incestuous rout,
Poligamy from this vile race sprang out,

That in seven hundred twenty yeares and ten
 Their hatefull stocke grew to a world of men,
 This was this age that Caine did live some say,
 When then began his fatell lowring day,
 For justice alwayes in mans life or death,
 Will yet at length her flaming sword unsheath,
Lamech the fifth, from his own bloud descended,
 With one hard *blow* his vitall life straight ended:
 Just *judgement* of the Highest ever still,
 To make the *blind* to execute his will,
 That though man runs unpunisht all his dayes,
 Yet in the end he payes him many wayes,
 And when the least of all his time he thinkes,
 Then is he caught, under Gods vengence sinkes.

124.

For as the *Rabbies* of the Jewes do tell,
 This monster Caine about these parts did dwell,
 And was the first that ever city built,
 Led thereunto by his fowle murthering guilt,
 More to secure him in so strong a wall,
 And shun the curse than anything at all,
 Even where sinne most of all the Earth was bred,
 He layes him downe and makes that place his bed,
 There wallowes, tumbles, spends his aged dayes,
 In wicked workes ten thousand kind of wayes;
 When at the last he for a beast was slaine,
 By Heavens just act in trecherous Tubal-Caine,
 Guiding the hand of *Lamech* being blind,
 To murther *Caine* against his fathers mind,
 And *Tubal Caine* had his just guerdon paid,
 For *Lamech* struck him that all dead he laid,
 His bleeding corps upon the cold greene ground,
 What they wrought others, they themselves have
 found.

125.

The city Caine by *Henochs* name did call,
 His eldest sonne whom most he loved of all,
 Some say the same by *Libanus* was fram'd
 But afterwards by others (*Oenus* nam'd)
 And some affirme the building *Jesca* leid,
 Great *Jebab* manly were his only deede,
 And *Tehe*, *Celet*, cities sixe in number,
 Were raiz'd by him with such a world of lumber,

As in our dayes those that behold the place,
May see their ruines in Caines wofull case.

126.

You cities all, how were you framed at first?
But in the sin of wicked Caine accurst,
Was not your mortar tempered with the bloud,
And slaughter vile of righteous Abel good?
Is not the Earth her bowels rent and torne,
Your walls to build and lofty towers adorne?
Great *Thetis* lap is all befic't and cut,
To bring forth treasures in your wombs to put,
The lofty *Cedars*, Timber Trees of worth,
Are hack't downe flat, and level'd with the Earth,
Base gold and silver that many mind appals,
Where doth it nest but in your cankred walls?
How are your streetes with *Paracides* bepestered,
With noisome air (contagious) fowly festered,
So baneful growne, that from you, all or some,
Hels antechrist the Prince of Devils shall come.

127.

So *Babylon* the Tyrant of the Earth,
And Rome Usurper since her Popish birth,
How were they built but in the crimson gore,
Of thrice ten millions of mens soules and more,
Nimrod the hunter of Gods fearful flock,
First rais'd that Tower which seem'd to heavens
to mock

By tyranizing on the feeble weake,
As in my worke hereafter I shall speake
And *Romulus* the monster of his age
How did he murther in his barberous rage,
His brother *Remus*, in whose scarlet bloud,
Rome first was built by *Tybers* treacherous flood,
And since the sink of superstition made,
For every wretch within her walls to trade,
Idoll of *Nature* sprang at first from hell,
As afterwards I shall have cause to tell.

128.

But what make we (dear *Muse*) within the walls,
Of traiterous Townes and citties full of braules,
Where nothing favours wholesome, sweete and
faire

But earthly bad to putrifie the ayre,

Let us retire into the Country coates,
To heare Heavens birds to chirp ten thousand
noates,

About the woods on every side along,
Sweete *Nightingales* to warble forth their song,
The *Linnet*, *Larke*, the *Blackbird*, *Thrush* and
all,

How night and day their smooth sweet tunes do
call,

Melodiously unto the God of fame,
To sound forth prayes to his glorious name,
And where our Grandsire Adam last was left
When Caine his brother of his life bereft.

129.

Whether the soule of Habels body slaine,
By the curst hand of treacherous damnd Caine,
His Genius *spirit angell*, *bloud*, or Saint,
Or God himself did Adam first acquaint,
With the sad news of this so vile a deede,
Or that suspicion in his breast might breede,
Abroad he walkes, and finds the bleeding quarre,
Of *Habell* slaine under a fatal star
Weepes and laments, grieves to have lost his sonne,
Caine, daughter, Brother all of them undone,
He loving father piles a wondrous heape,
(Colossus like) of massy stones not cheape,
And with much care his dying name to save
Builds a heigh mount upon his crimson grave.

130.

From thence as one distracted for the time,
With deepe conceit of this so foule a crime,
Surcharg'd with *sorrow*, overgrowne with grieve,
He hates the place as author of it chiefe,
And with his *wife* and all his children left,
He bids *adieu* unto the ground and wept,
Travels along like to a *Pilgrim* poore,
Or as a *Hermit* with small little store ;
Till at the last, it was their chance to stay,
In *Canaan*, and there their bones to lay,
As in this rugged, ragged, rurall verse,
I hope ere long (divinely) to reherse.

131.

But sacred *Muse*, here we must stay awhile,
 And with *Sethes* birth the posting time beguile,
 That sweet born babe of Heaven itself befriended,
 From whom the Church is lineally descended,
 Just at a hundred twenty years and ten
 Of *Adams* age into this world of men,
 He was begat, tipe of that promist *Lambe*,
 To save the *world*, into the world first came,
 Preaching *repentance* all our lives to mend,
 Whose Government shall never Earthly end,
 Untill the Trumpet in the skyes shall sound,
 To summon soules from their dead sleepe i' th'
 ground:

132.

How did the Heavens even in his infant birth,
 Rejoyce and dance about the *Ball* i' th' earth,
 Melodiously their sacred *organs* went,
 To see young *Seth* into the world thus sent,
 In minor yeeres their fortunes on him showed,
 And on his head their dearest blessings powred,
 Enduing him with towardnes and wit,
 That on his temples all the Arts did sit;
 About his browes the Lawrell wreath have wound,
 As the first man that ever letters found,
 How did the *Saints* at this thy fortune smile,
 True *Isralite* in whom there is no guile.

133.

Thy manly dayes they were not oversway'd,
 With fond conceits but in Religion stay'd,
Envy, *opression*, *Lust*, and *Ravine* base,
 Within thy heart could never find a place,
 Nor yet the thought of any deede unkind,
 Could once be found to harbour in thy mind,
 But full of peace like to thy father deere,
 Or God himselfe in all his works most cleare,
 So art thou blest to bring forth such a Sonne,
 From whom the Church successively must runne,
 True Picture of thy Body, mind and thought,
Enoch the man to God himself that brought,
 The sacred flock which wandering almost lame,
 And taught them first to call upon his name,

By prayer, preaching, Heaven blest dearest *Muse*,
Which on the Sabaoth they did dayly use.

134.

Yet some do say the Church again did fall,
In this mans days to wicked vices all,
That Seths great sonne, and all his future race,
Did now begin (dumb Idols) to imbrace,
And that their rites and sacrifices slaine,
Were all intended unto Charles his waine,
The Sunne and Moone, the stars above this border,
As blind Devotion led them out of order.

135.

Yet Enoch deere, my *Muse* can hardly thinke,
Nor can it once within my Braines to sinke,
But that the plant from whence rose Christ his
flock

Did yield forth fruit according to the stock,
And that the line from whence the Church is sprung,
But that must be unspotted, chast and young,
Cleane, undefiled, pure in every part,
In Ages all according to the Hart:
Even in the time when Adam and his wife,
Liv'd both in peace, devoid of care and strife,
And Seth their sonne though all the rest were bad.
Yet he the knowledge of the Godhead had,
And taught it thee to leave unto thy seede,
By which thy soule did houely on it feede:
Untill the last of this thy Glasse was runne,
Then didst thou dye and left'st it to thy sonne,
And so from thence in every age it past,
Till Noahs Arke was on the waters cast,
Successively from whence it after went,
Till Christ himselfe upon the Earth was sent,
And that the Crosse (with crimson blood) was dide,
To pay the sinnes of all the world beside;
With such a ransom of eternal fame,
As evermore must always blaze his name,
From whence the Church now in her latest night,
In many a place yet hath her candle light.

136.

Full ninety years thou livest at the least,
When Kenan was conceived in the brest,

Of thy deare Spouse and thou wast all the while,
 Quight out of hope, not seene at once to smile,
 In disperation as a man forlorne,
 Till thy first babe into the world was borne,
 Thy name bewraying of thy discontent,
 When Kenan he to glad thy heart was sent,
 And made thee Father of a thriving sonne,
 Whose actions all unto thy mind did run.

137.

He at the age of three score years and ten,
 (In Davids dayes, the dying age of men)
 Did then beget great Mahalaleel young,
 A sweete fac't Imp with nimble pleasing tongue,
 Whose whole delight was working ever still,
 To prayse the Lord and execute his will:
 Whilst by examples void of envious guile,
 By smooth sweete preaching in a goulden stile,
 And beating down *oppression, Pride and hate*,
 The Churches eyes he did illuminate,

138.

Just at the age of threescore yeares and five,
 Adam and Eve yet being both alive,
 Great Mahalaleel sonne of *Kenan* past,
 He *Jared* brings into the world at last,
 Whose whole delights were all to goodnesse bent,
 As if that he was from the clouds downe sent,
 To cheere up *Eve* and *Adam* in the *caves*,
 And comfort them unto their happy graves.

139.

He long time lives the chastest man of all,
 Loves darts were throwne but at a brazen wall,
 Untill at length it sanke into his brest,
 The Churches line upon his race should rest.
 Then doth he pause, and unto marriage goe,
 Just at a hundred threescore yeares and two,
 And in the strength of this his body high,
 Begat a child which never liv'd to dye.
Enoch the seventh that ever yet was bred,
 From whom the Church doth now derive her head.

140.

But *Enoch* stay I cannot but admire,
 The chaste condition of thy reverent Sire,

To live so long within so prime an age,
 When every object as a pleasing Page,
 Might ravish sense, allure the chastest eye,
 With lookes more cleere than is the purest dye,
 And when the angels if the Booke be true,
 Came down from heaven their beauties all to view.

141.

Great powerfull God what can I thinke or speake,
 When all my wits are for this point too weake,
 But to conceive thy glorious angels bright,
 How they can be intangled with the sight,
 And pleasing lookes of this fond sinfull sex,
 Though fram'd as 'twere out of the Virgins wax.
 Yet drawne (entiste) to every thing is ill,
 Even as occasion workes unto their will.

142.

I know some thinke their weake opinions sound,
 That in those dayes few women chaste were found,
 But that *Pride, Envy, Lust, Dissembling, Guile,*
 Did their white hands with all foul things defile,
 And that the Devils with *Lucifer* which fell,
 From Hell arose with woman kind to dwell:
 By which their seed against (dame) Natures lawes,
 Prodigiously thus mixed was the cause,
 To bring forth monsters in that fearful case,
 Huge Giants tall of Gog and Magogs race,
 Such as not now can any where be found,
 For whom the world was shortly after drown'd
 Others there be that thinke the angels bright,
 Which then stood pure before the *Most* of might,
 With twelve great Prinoes of their royall band,
 Came down from Heaven, in Jareds days did
 stand

Upon the top of lofty *Hermon* Hill,
 There curst and vowd for to obtaine their will,
 Upon mens daughters which their eyes had seene,
 Sweet lovely faire, delightful, young and greene,
 And that the *Mount* from that time forth was
 named,

The Hill of *Hermon* as not once asham'd,
 That their foul plot to this vile *Hidra* growne,
 Should by the name still to this day be knowne.

143.

Semixas great, which was their chiefest Prince,
 Disswaded first from this foul curst offence,
 Fearing the tortures of the angells all,
 Their sins and shame upon his head would fall,
 Till by *Arachiell* and the rest all ten,
 That in this place my *Muse* is loath to pen:
 He gave consent, and so from thence all went,
 Even as their minds on *Hermon* hill were bent,
 But God above soone sendeth (*Michaell*) downe
 Who binds Semixa with a sacred frowne,
 Chaines him in hell and all his of-seum race,
 Ties to the hils as Fairy Goblins base,
 The rest and all the selfe same cup do taste,
 Heavens foure Archangels these foule fiends do
 waste,
 That all Earths monsters sprong from hell at first,
 Must by the flood be washt away and curst.

144.

A third opinion that our age doth yeeld,
 In this large, goodly, ample, spacious field,
 Amongst the *Arabian*, *Christuain*, *Turke* and
Jew,
 Which sounds to *reason* (likeliest) to be true,
 Is that Seths issue from the church derived,
 Though in the depth of learned Arts they dived,
 And seem'd Gods Sonnes (adopted) sweet of face,
 Yet linck't themselves in Caines adulterous race,
 By which their Spawne from this vile mingle
 mangle,
 Began with *pride* (contentiously) to brangle,
 With griping *pawes* to satiate their fill,
 The harmelesse childs poore weake mans state to
 spill:
 Most barbarously to trample on the head,
 Of the chaste Virgine to deflowre her bed:
 To feed on *gore* (inhumanly) to tare
 Mans flesh in peeces, gnawe his bones all bare,
 And tyranize, the great to wrong the lesse,
 To act those things which all the world may gesse.

145.

Out from this medley sprang those Gyants first,
 Monsters of men that made the Earth accurst,

Base divelish minds with big aspiring lookes,
 When as a man his neighbour hardly brookes,
 But sheds his bloud squeezeth the flesh and gall,
 Liks up the gore worse than a Canniball,
 Nature (prodigious) in their mungrell birth,
 Made them adord, yet demy-Gods on earth:
 Whilst feare restrained the weaker men in aw,
 To *Idolize* against her sacred law,
 They spend their dayes to treade the selfsame
 trace,
 Or worse if may be in this barbarous case,
 That in the end with brazen cotes of maile,
 They tempt the *heavens* and seeke the *clouds* to
 scale,
 To pull down God from his triumphant throne,
 By their damn'd *Pride* and *hellish* power alone.
 Thus whilst *oppression* overflows the world,
 The little men still by the greater hurld,
 Their states consum'd, their lands and lives all
 spoyl'd,
 Their cause (though just) by greatness crost and
 foyl'd,
 Themselves by others (basely) bought and sold,
 And hardly us'd as I before have told:
Adam he grieves at this accursed race,
Eve she laments with discontented face,
 Bot. prostrate fall before the God of power,
 To take their soules and send them happy howre.

146.

So dearest Muse heere in this mortall life,
 That swarmes with troopes of those deligt in
 strife,
 Which never rest till all thy state be spent
 But at my ruine all their aime is bent,
 How could I wish that my last days were come,
 Or that my foes were Cardinals of *Rome*,
 Or that my *peace* which (almost) cost the best,
 Of lands and life, to live in quiet rest:
 Were granted me, I car'd not which of all,
 But in my way would (fortunately) fall,
 Then should I rest, no living man annoy
 Or to the Heavens transport my Soule with joy.

But why do I cast stones against the wind,
 Thus to disclose the secrets of my mind,
 To waile my woes, lay open all my grieve,
 My foes wish well as Authors of it chiefe,
 And all this while no comfort yet I have,
 But still fell Envy more and more doth rave,
 To wound my soule with such inveterate hate,
 As murders all to swallow up my state.

147.

O pardon me, God may an angell send,
 To worke my *Peace*, or else some welcome friend
 Convert my *foes*, their Conscience touch with
 feares,

Or bring my cause unto my soveraignes eares.
 Oh then how joyfull shall that happy hour
 Be to my soul, more sweet than sweetest flowre :
 And glad me more than if I (treasures) found,
 The greatest richness on this Earthly ground :
 My future life shall warble (sacred) layes,
 To sound my God, and then my Soveraignes
 prayse.

148.

But Adam (yet according to thy minde)
 Thou dost *Gods* love and all his favours find,
 Though in thy *youth* thou wast untimely crost,
 When Paradise was by thy folly lost.
 Thy first born sonnes before thine eyes both
 slaine,

Thy *daughter* stole, thy dayes to end in paine :
 And worst of all, that these vile *monsters* base
 Should but descend and come from this thy *race* :
 That thou shouldst *live* but to behold the *sinnes*
 The wrongs, oppressions, in thy end begins,
 The horrors, Griefes, Vexations howrely fall
 Upon the heads of this thy off-spring all :
 And last, these *Gyants* heavens blew vail to rend,
 To tread in blood without all hope to mend,
 Made thee desire that thou thy wish mightst have,
 To come (in Peace) to this thy welcome *Grave*.

149.

God hears thy cry, and sends his angels bright,
 Clad in white garments of heavens sacred light,

Attir'd like nymphs of chaste Dianas traine,
 With glistring wings a Crown of life to gaine,
 All to be spangled in rich costly *jems*,
 From the crowns top, unto their skirts and hems,
 With *Lawrell* wreathd close to their temples
 chaste:

And trumpets dangling by ech lovely waste.
 These all came downe thy sorrowes to asswage,
 In thine nine hundredth thirtie yeeres of age,
 To guard the soules both of thy self and wife,
 From this worlds care, vexation, grieve and strife :
 Of from the Earth, up to the lofty skies,
 When they have cheerd and closed up both thine
 eyes,

Then all their *trumpets* in the ayre doth sound,
 From heavens blue wall downe to the lowest
 ground,

Melodiously about the clouds resounding,
 The hils and dales (with Eccho) all rebounding,
 Till at the last they brought both safe and sure,
 Two welcome soules into Gods presence pure.

150.

Seth yet survives, grieves for his parents losse,
 Mourns, weeps, laments, at this sad heavy crosse :
 So he conceives the *Love* of two such friends,
 From this worlds point, unto her utmost ends :
 On every side of all the Earth and round,
 Can hardly well be paraleld and found.
 He sheds salt tears, down from his cheeks
 distilling

Plaining his woes, shewing himselfe unwilling
 To part with both, stoopes downe (oft times) and
 kisses

Their dead pale lips, and from his soul he wishes
 That his lives blood deare tender hearted *Seth*,
 Had gone before, and but excusd their death.

151.

His friends (come in) brothers, sisters all,
 Some cheare him up, others to weeping fall,
 Even as we see the case (oft times) our owne,
 The losse of friends to cast our courage downe,
 Amate our minds, and makes us vaile our face,
 Knowing that we must tread the selfe same trace.

Then up they take their withered bodys dead,
 Imbalme them both, and wrap them close in lead.
 But first with *nitre* orient spices meat,
 And *Mummia*, *Cedar*, fragrant, rich and sweet,
 They all perfume, and dress their bodies cold,
 Then wind them up as I (before) have told,
 And lay them (seemly) on a sable hearse,
 Sad heavenly sight, a bleeding heart to pierce,
 To see the parents of the total world
 (Before their eyes) thus up to nothing curld.

152.

Four of Seths brothers on their shoulders take,
 The sable trunk, and so from thence they make,
 Procession like, a solemne sacred way
 To *Calvery*, upon our *Lady* day :
 For as the Church doth ever more begin
 Since God Heavens crowne for all our sakes did
 win,

Upon that day to count the *Christains* yeare,
 So some still say he did mans body reare,
 Out of the *dust*, just at that instant howre,
 The day and *time* in which himselfe did powre
 His holy *Spirit* in the Virgins wombe,
 And did therein the second Adam tombe.
 And true it is that Adam (fram'd by God)
 Liv'd yeares compleate, no months nor dayes as od,
 By which we gather that that very day,
 They were both buried wrapt up cold in clay.

153.

The ceremonies and the sacred rites,
 The forme and manner (all my sences) cites;
 Which Seth then usde and holy Henoeh pure,
 Drawes on my *Muse* (as with a golden lure)
 To sing the same unto all future times
 In these rude, ragged, harsh, unpolisht rimes :
 But that my course another way must bend,
 As one that travells neare his journeys end,
 And that my *Muse* may chance for to be curst
 When this shall grow and swell beyond my first

154.

But yet one thing I may not overslip,
 And leave the vales, up to the mounts to skip :

For certaine tis that evermore the *Jew*,
 Hath stedfast held his owne opinion true,
 And he affirmes the likeliest place of all:
 This goodly spacious, wide, delitious *Ball*
 Where *Adams* corpes was by his children laide,
 Was not i' th' *mount*, as late before I sayd,
 But in the sweet and dainty pleasant vale
 Of Hebron plaine, hemd in with such a rale,
 And lofty border of brave mounting trees,
 With fragrant Flowers to feede the honey bees:
 And all Heavens guifts upon this holy ground,
 As search the *world* the like was never found.

155.

Here afterwards was *Sarabs* body layd,
 Both *Abraham* and his sonne *Isaacke* stayd:
Rebecca, *Jacob*, *Patriarkes* and all
 Were here inter'd (as in a Brazon wall)
 And many a *Jew* wrapt up within this plaine,
 That till *Doomes* day shall never rise againe.
 This is the place that *Abraham* admired,
 What more than *gold* his very *soule* desired,
 And made him purchase on his bended knee
 That with his *fathers* all his *seed* might bee.
 And there remaine untill the trumpe shall sound,
 Then rise together from that holy *ground*,
 And so mount up the *throne* of God above,
 And *scale* the *Heavens* upon the wings of *love*.

156.

But yet deere *Muse* amongst the dead mens
 graves,
 With piles of soules in hollow vaults and caves,
 Ghast (fearefull) sights, we must no longer stay,
 But post with speed to some more pleasing way,
 Though all the *Earth* be but the sinke of *sin*,
 For *Adams* Race to (tumble) wallow in:
 Yet is it better every way beside,
 With living men than with the dead to bide.

157.

Shew therefore now what afterwards befell,
 How most men liv'd, worse than the devils in hell:
 In blood, oppression, feud and deadly hate,
 Base cruallty to wash ech others state,

Making no conscience of th' eternal *Law*,
 When *Adam's* dead, that kept yet some in awe:
 The father, mother, sister, Friends and brother,
 Like treacherous Wolves devour up one th' other,
 Each man cries out, the *little* ones as fishes,
 Can scarcely *live* to serve the great mens dishes,
 All sinne abounds from poore to men of worth,
 Like to a streame which overflows the Earth,
 Or generall *deluge* from great *Neptunes* hand,
 That on a sudden overflows the Land,
 In such abundance with that powerful sway,
 That nothing now can this maine current stay:
 But *Heavens* great maker of Earths totall frame,
 If he discend and but behold the same,
 When least of all the *world* shall thereof dreame,
 Then may he alter, turne their tide and streame.

158.

Tis true as they had no law beside,
 The law of nature on their conscience dide,
 Graven in their hearts and stamp't within their
 mind,
 By him whose *Image* in our *Soules* we find,
 The sin the lesse yet not to be excuz'd,
 When God himselfe hath in our *Brests* infuz'd
 Both in our birth succeeding infant youth
 His holy Spirit to leade us in all truth.

159.

But yet if God so sharpe a *judgement* tooke
 As shall be shew'd heereafter in this Booke,
 Upon these men the *monsters* of their time,
 Whose hainous sins up to the clouds did clime,
 What may we thinke of this last *Age* of ours:
 Wherein we live not many dayes nor howres,
 Yet we exceede the former *Ages* all,
 And God to judgement ready is to call,
 The Glasse neere run mans dated *time* expired,
Doomes fearful day when all things must be fired,
 Drawes neere at hand Earths candle light doth
 blinke,
 When all the *world* must under *Justice* sinke;
 And give account of every action past,
 This *age* of ours it cannot long time last.

160.

For now *oppression* overflows the *Earth*,
 Farre more and worse than in her *Infant* birth,
 Fowle *crualty*, *extortion*, *envious* Pride,
Hypocrasie and smooth fac't sinnes beside,
 Jetting and masking under formall coates,
 That hard it is to know the Sheepe from Goates,
 The Puritant which hates the name of *Mammon*,
 Is yet content to hold mens good in common,
 And all the rest in this my tedious taske,
 When time shall serve I hope for to unmaske
 Meanewhile *Romes* wolfe hath entered in our Isle,
 Devoured some by *craft*, *Dissembling*, *guile*,
 Base *covetousnesse* the *monster* of our *age*,
 How doth she creepe upon the *grave* and *sage*
 When Mony swayes and Charity is cold,
 What is it not, but some will do for gold?

161.

O *Plague*, O *Poyson*, hatcht in Hell below,
 Thy baneful breath o're all the world doth flow,
 The *Earth* itself within her bowells pent,
 Her proper wombe is ript for thee and rent,
 The (sacred) lap of *Thetis* cut and slicest,
 Thou gnawst the minds of holy men like *mice*,
 Thy sight doth sting worse than the *Cockatrice*,
 How hast thou spoyld corrupted all in ages,
 The purest minds of greatest Personages?
 Whose servants painted with foul leperous kibes,
 Now sell their soules and all they have for bribes.
 Like curst *Gehazies* base polluted pawes,
 Which wrong'd his God, and holy masters lawes,
 And runs apace to catch into his hands,
 A little gold to purchase Nabooths lands,
 Perchance to hang upon his gawdy back,
 When *wife* and children starv'd at home may lack,
 Or else to spend in drinking *drunke* and play,
 'Mongst beastly *whores* to cast the same away.
 But God above that spyes the inmost thought,
 Discernes the *fact* which is in secret wrought,
 Upon the top of damn'd *Gehazies* head,
 Showres downe his judgements as *Elisha* said,
 And in an instant all his body o're,
 From top to toe is pestred with a *sore*,

An irksome *scab* upon his skin doth grow,
 A *Leprosie* as white as any snow,
 Nor this alone unto his body sticks,
 Amates his mind and seared conscience pricks,
 But all his kindred best acquainted friends,
 Forsake him quight and none unto him sends,
 And to this day his *off-spring* and his Race,
 Are leperous tainted in that cursed case.

162.

Father of lights and God of Spirits all,
 Power down thy justice let thy *judgements* fall,
 Upon the hairy *scalpes* of those that *wrest*,
 Dishonestly their friends or neighbours beast
 Their *goods*, their *lands*, their living or their life,
 Not satisfied, continue still in strife:
 Great God that all the world may see thy good
 Taint thou their *Issue* off-spring and their *bloud*,
 These are the *Cankars* of the Common wealth,
 Base *Caterpillars* prowling best by stealth,
 That never care so they may have their will,
 Mens bloud their lives, their *state* and all to spill:
 If thy good pleasure sayes my prayers nay,
 Thy will be done, Lord sat them for thy day.

163.

But holy God, what will become of those,
 Which in an open publicke place shall chose,
 To give occasion first to shew their gall,
 Do call a man both this and that and all,
 And afterwards shall lye upon the catch,
 Their friends estate, into their hands to snatch,
 By *deedes*, *conveyances*, *obligations*, *bonds*,
 To *wrong* and *wrest*, to make them *sell* their
 lands,

Before such time as any thing is due,
 To clap up such with *Cerberus* his crue,
 In woful prison sick to lie and rot,
 Not once to ease, asswage their griefs a jot;
 And all the while in *Equity* and *Right*
 There's nothing due but what is got by might,
 By *wrong*, *oppression* divelish *traps* and *guile*,
 And wicked plodding in such actions vile.

164.

Lord pardon them, forgive their great offences,
 Call once againe, illuminate their senses,
 Waken their carelesse too secure a slumber,
 Forget their faults too infinite to number,
 Let them *restore* what they have wrongly *got*,
 Else will those goods consume away and rot,
 And aye the *Infant* yet unborne will *cry*,
 For *vengeance* just on their *posterity*.

165.

But let not us (good Lord) O let not us,
 Trace out their steps to give examples thus,
 Make us avoid to fall into the like
 Lest suddenly thy judgements do us strike,
 With farre more terror on our bodyes knowne,
 That ever was upon Gehezi showne,
 Or all thy chosen people thou didst make
 A warning sad for us (in Time) to take,
 Besides the losse (eternall) of thy *Grace*,
 Where such a one shall never see thy *face*.

166.

But chaste *Urania*, Sovereigne of my *Muse*,
 In whom the Heavens do their best gifts infuse,
 Why dost thou now thy love so farre ingage,
 As to descend downe to our *times* and *age*,
 Leaving the *world* that at the first was drownd,
 To ramble out, beyond thy scope to sound?
 Damn'd vice, unmaske with those that wrest and
 lurch,
 And all this while (thus) to forget the *Church*.

167.

Retire againe, and stay not with us long,
 Thou maist be blamed for this thy wholesome
 song,
 For 'tis most true one hardly scapes of ten,
 That hunts the *Foxe* too near the *Lions* den.
 Avoide, begone, contend not much with these,
 For feare perhaps thou dost some men displease,
 And so incurre some danger on thyself,
 For taxing those which are in love with pelfe:
 Come to the *Church* deare *Muse*, where last of all.
 Thou *Henoch* leftst upon this goodly Ball.

There thou art tide; O do not much abound,
 Take sanctuary in their holy ground:
 And from these things till time shall serve
 surcease,
 Then shalt thou *rest* and live in perfect *Peace*.

168.

Henoch the seventh from Adams pupillage,
 A sixtie five years of his manly *age*,
 Begat a childe whose like was never found,
 From this worlds birth in all her spacious round,
 That lived to see so many weekes of dayes
 As this man did, and yet no strength decays:
Methuselah the wonder of his time,
 Whose age may claime of all the Earth the prime,
 Which liv'd to see with *Simeons* heart inflam'd,
 The *Arke* of *Noah* before his death all fram'd;
 Tipe of that Church which from *mount* Sion purld,
 When Cæsars scepter swayd the western *world*.

169.

Methuselah both ancient, grave and sage,
 One hundred fourscore and seven yeeres of age,
 All chaste doth live, and then begats a son,
 Upon whose death, the world was quite undon,
Lamach the father of that faithful child,
 Which sav'd heavens *souls*, and all the rest
 beguild,

When that the *Arke* was by the waters heaved
 O then they knew their wits were all deceived.

170.

Great Noahs selfe from *Lamechs* loynes descended,
 When full one hundred eightie yeares were ended,
 And that the sun had foure times crost the line,
 Then is he borne, and in his birth did shine,
 Like to a glimpse of that all sacred light
 Which in these days may dazle all our sight:
 His name foretiping from his mothers brest,
 That he was borne to be the *Churches* rest,

171.

Five hundred yeeres (or neare upon) he past
 His manly days both continent and chaste,
 And then espoused to his future *Fame*,
 A *noble*, *faire*, and *courteous*, lovely *Dame*,

Some thinke the sister of the great *Tubal-Caine*,
 Sweete *Naamah* his love at first did gaine.
 Though from the line of cursed *Caine* descended,
 Yet of the *heavens* she was so highly friended,
 As that her *lot* before the world was drown'd,
 Fell lucky forth within the Churches ground.

172.

Oh God thy workes are farre beyond our reach,
 The least of them may all our Senses teach;
 Thou hast thy Sheepe disperst in every place,
 From *Henoch*, *Seths*, and *Caines* proud envious

Race,

It is thy pleasure bad mens sins to pay,
 To save (some yet) and cast not all away,
 The flowres oft times which do mongst cockle
 grow,

May smell more sweet than any plant we sow.
 And tender *seeds* out from the *Popish* seate,
 May yet at length prove ears of perfect wheate,
 Chiefly when *Noah* Gods husbandman shall till,
 And worke the *ground* according to his will,
 With *pruning*, *planting* in that forme and
 manner,

As was the *Church* once under Cæsars banner.

173.

Lo Abraham was out from Chaldee cald,
 And *Joseph* great in Egypts court instald;
Job in the land of *Uz* amongst those men,
 Where so he liv'd that grieves my soul to pen;
 And Moses milde amongst the murdring sort,
 Was nurst, brought up within King Pharoahs
 Court.

Hester the Queene, that made her foes a scorne,
 Was marryd (tide) unto a *Pagan* borne.
 And *Paul* himself th' apostle of us all,
 Yet first was bred within prowde *Tarsus* wal:
 And divers others which my Muse could name
 Were traint up thus, and yet deserv'd no blame.
 For he that *builds* upon the slippery sand,
 Yet *time* may serve to make his fabricke stand,
 And these were such as from the rest recule,
 The weaker Sexe are by the greater rulse,

Though some (perhaps) have tried the same and
mist,

Yet wise men still do winde them as they list.
As by example, from Noahs happy choyce,
This world of ours may ever just rejoyce,
To have a mother without blurre or staine,
When all were lost to store the Earth againe.

174.

But what make wee (deare *Muse*) with Noahs
wife,

Chaste matron, grave preserver of our life ?
Whose fame deserves heavens azurd richest gowne,
A garland deckt and lawrell wreathed crowne,
And in her lap the frame of all to hold,
If all were made of solid beaten gold,
What if she be derived from the race,
Of cursed Caine, yet hath she better face ?
A conscience cleane, Religion in her brest,
Within whose soul, heavens dearest gifts do rest,
Tipe of the Church now to perfection wrought,
Which was at first but out of darknesse brought.

175.

Looke back againe, and post not one too fast,
For feare thou beest beyond thy compasse cast :
Tell what befell to Adams issue left,
What misdemeanors all his offspring kept,
Ech man his neighbour deadly hates and wourds,
Sin overflows (in every place) abounds,
The greater still devouring up the small,
That in the end th' oppressed blood doth call
For Vengeance just unto the God of Powre,
Who doth descend, and on the world doth lowre,
Repents himselfe that ere he did begin,
To frame the same thus poysoned all with sin,
Whose true repentance from his eyes did draw,
That stream of tears which wofully they saw,
When all the Earth could scarce support, containe
The innundation of his furious raine ;
But sunke, shranke in, under the water dives,
As loath to save the wicked treacherous lives,
Of hateful men that never lived at rest,
But when they bloud spilt on her (crimson) brest.

176.

This was the cause which made the clouds to drop
Sad sudden showres (downe) from Dame Natures
shop,

And all the fountaines of the greatest *deepe*
To be broke up o're all the earth to creepe,
Heavens windows ope, the ratling air to sound,
With fearful storms like to a chaos drown'd,
Rumbling and tumbling, jumbling all together,
As we have seene in sudden sulphery weather,
Gods voyce to teare (Heavens curtaine) to our
wonder

Out from a darke black horrid dreadful thunder.

177.

But yet before God doth to judgement passe,
He meditates, and sees that man's but grasse,
Like to a flower that in the morning cut
Is yet ere night with their dead bodies put,
Into the grave, and so consume together,
Even in a moment changed hither thither,
Dried up to nothing by Heavens altring time,
When (yesterday) they flourisht in their prime.

178.

God reascends, and lets the world alone,
Takes Enoch up that liv'd therein to mone,
Waile, grieve, lament, the abuses which he saw
Committed were against the conscience law,
Of noble nature in that sinful age,
Small hope to mend when all could not assuage,
The furious current of their streame and tide,
Too good (sweet Saint) with these foul men to
bide.

179.

The Angels bright, and all the powers divine,
Before thy face in glittering Robes do shine,
Their number more than are the stars and sands,
With golden censors in their pure white hands,
Winged with Fame to mount the highest heavens,
Ranck't all in order mustring just by sevens,
Descending sweetly on thy lovely brest,
To bring both soul and body to their rest,
By safe conveyance in a Chariot fram'd,
Of burnisht gold, the Horse with love inflam'd;

Mount up the air with stately stomack fierce,
 And at the last the brazen wall doth pierce :
 Where like a Prince that *Paradise* had gain'd,
 Of *Eve* and *Adam* thou art entertain'd,
 With farre more love within so brave a field,
 Than all the world and all therein can yield,
 There thou dost live when they are wrapt in dust,
 The seventh from them, Tipe of our Sabaoth just.

180.

Now thou art gone what can be heere expected,
 But *Envy*, *Hate*, with all good deedes neglected,
Pride, *Cruelty*, *Extortion*, over-rules ;
 Making the Earth *vermilion* dyde with *gules*,
 And sable shewes of foule inveterate spleene,
 Hatch't in Hels vaults whose like was never seene,
 Before this time so strongly to abound,
 And overflow the universal round,
 As that small hope there is all to mend,
 Till God to *Justice* shall from Heaven descend,
 And view the world not as he made it first,
 But as it is polluted, staine, accurst,
 Contagious, vile in Caines adulterous race,
 And overspread with all damn'd actions base,
 When what we should not in our pawes we get,
 As bad and worse as ere I told you yet.

181.

But cease deere *Muse* for thou at large hast layd,
 Their sins wide ope and all their spight betrayed,
 Unmaskt the browes of all that wicked rout,
 Which div'd to Hell to bring their plots about,
 The rest preserv'd I meane those children deare,
 That live in love and worshipt God in feare
 Whose bloud ascended, mounted up the skye,
 And for just *Vengeance* at his Throne did cry.

182.

God heares their moane and re-descends againe,
 And sees that sin the totall Earth did staine,
 Instead of flowers and wholesome pleasing fruit,
 He finds but *weedes* and barbarous actions brute,
 The weake poore man still by the greater cast,
 In far worse case than when he view'd it last ;
 Now cruallty doth grinde the Infants face,
 To swallow all with griping projects base,

Corruption, bribes, the world itselfe doth fill,
 From *Sodoms* vale to *Sions* sacred hill,
 Comes neere the Church to enter in her walls,
 To fill it full of deadly poysoned galls.

183.

But one man living on this spacious Round,
 From *Sols* first sight till where his teame is
 drown'd

In all the Earth large goodly plentious scope,
 From *Colmogro* unto the cape of Hope,
 That God could find to have an upright heart,
 Which from his love could not be drawn to start,
 By ill examples of that froward race,
 Which overswarm'd (the world) in every place,
 With *Guile, Oppression, Crualty* and *Hate*
 As in this worke I told you of but late.

184.

Him God selects and (graciously) culls out,
 From the rude Rabble of that murdering Rout,
 As in the dayes when *Sodom* was destroyed,
 Just righteous *Lot* was not at all annoy'd,
 But well brought forth by Angels safe and sure,
 Preserved was from their curst hands impure,
 The harmlesse man may suffer extreme wrong,
 Amongst those men that are (perchance) too
 strong,

In *Wealth, Friends, Kindred, Combination,*
coate,

To draw slye oaths to cut the poore mans throate:
 Yet this may be a comfort to his soule,
 For all their tricks and treacherous actions foul,
 Damn'd *Pollicies* unto their utmost might,
 Although he fall, he shall not perish quight.

185.

So art thou just in all thy works O God,
 When the world feels the burden of thy rod,
 And heavy weight of thy all powerful hands,
 The upright man still (at thy mercy) stands,
 Although sometimes thou shewst thy hinder part,
 To let him taste that which his mind thinks tart,
 Yet as thy word in many places saith,
 Thou dost but try to prove his utmost faith,

And when (oft times) his courage failes and sinkes
As brought neere to their dangerous pits and
brinkes;

Then dost thou keepe him from their murdering
pawes,

Base, cruall, curst, devouring, griping jawes,
And full of Love, compassion, pittie, grace,
Unvailst thy Browes to shew thy glorious face.

186.

(Ah dearest God) even whilst my *Muse* was
working.

Upon this *Place*, how were my foes all lurking
About my house, to undermine my state,
With secret traines, close to my dores and gate,
But thou didst wake when I was fast asleepe,
To make me know that thou dost alwayes keepe,
Thy *sheepe* from danger of a *Wolfe* most fierce,
Which in my bloud (next to my state) would
pierce,

Then didst thou give me at that instant howre,
A *vision* strange to shew thy secret powre,
That in a dreame when once my body wak't,
My inward thoughts and all my senses shak't ;
But *reason* guides and swayes me downe her
streame,

To make me prize it bove an usual dreame.

187.

Whereat I went, lockt up my dores most sure,
To keepe me safe from treacherous pawes impure,
Which never yet in all my life was done,
The hateful lawes of cruell foes to shun ;
But (heavenly God) when least I knew of harme,
How did they then about my house all swarme
On every side, with raving speeches hot,
Like *Sodomites* about the walls of *Lot*,
Till thou protectedst broughst me safely out,
From the curst fury of that griping rout ;
Stroke them with blindness all like Tygers lay ;
While thou conveydst my body sure away,
To sound thy prayse, and blaze thy glorious name,
To end (this worke) to thy renowned fame.
So dost thou now to make us all admire,
Thy favour shewde unto our reverent sire.

Descend to *Noah* the wonder of his *time*,
 When *Nemesis* up to thy Throne did climb,
 To crave just vengeance at thy hands for all,
 The bloudshed spilt upon the spacious *Ball*,
 Told him an end of all mens barbarous lives,
 With the sad fall of their incestuous *wives*,
 The cruall race of monstrous Giants great,
 That like to wolves the flock did bar and beate,
 And wound them so as now not one was left,
 Besides himself that from his birth had kept :
 His mind unspotted *Conscience* cleane and pure,
 Not tainted, stain'd with every golden Lure,
 And every beast which on the Earth doth feed,
 The fowles of Heaven that in the air do breede,
 With all flesh living on this goodly frame,
 The young and old too tedious here to name,
 With those hard hearted which the weake annoyd,
 Should by a flood be all of them destroyd,
 And that himself would alter, turne their glasse,
 Before a hundred twenty years should passe,
 Those which repented in that time and space,
 Should respite have to find his love and grace,
 And all the rest within this boundlesse round,
 Should then be washt, consum'd away and drown'd.

188.

God wills him further to provide in time,
 Against the flood that highest Mounts will climb,
 And frame an Arke for to secure his life,
 His children deare and tender hearted wife,
 From the fell furious raging tide and streames,
 Of *Neptune* proud that undermines her seames,
 To pierce her Joints and lay them open all,
 When blustering *waves* upon her sides do fall :
 Bids him go poast to *Mæsia* land with speed,
 And fell those *pin*es which now the world did
 need,

Whose wondrous *height* may dazle all our sight,
 To see them grow two hundred feet upright.
 Firme from the *ground*, and to be parted plaine
 Into three parts, and then *unite* againe.

Tipe of that *Church*, whose ground was layd by
Paul,

When *three* make *one* and *one* but *all* in *all*.

189.

So was the Arke divided into parts,
 To amaze the *minds* of true *Religions* harts:
 Three stories high the same was fully fram'd,
 To hold the sorts of creatures wild and tam'd,
 Made all of *Pine*, pitcht both without and in,
 To suckor none that perisht for their sin:
 And that the *rest* as God had just decreed,
 The Male and Female in the same should breed,
 To store the *world*, replenish it againe
 With *fruite* more *milde* than first the Earth did
 staine.

190.

The Arke one fram'd according to the forme
 That God had layd before the furious storme,
 Fell crosly forth contrary to the minde,
 Of those great men, which did the weaker grind:
 They wondered all at this so huge a frame,
 Derided, scoft, too bitter here to name,
 And at the last attempted barbarous rude
 Their hands polluted all with blood *imbrude*:
 To teare it downe and make it but the scorne
 To all those men hereafter should be borne
 But God above perceiving that their pride,
 The totall Earth on every side had dide,
 With crimson *gore* and that they ment outright,
 To spoyle his worke, deface it utter, quight,
 Powers down his *judgements*, sends those fearful
 shows

That all the air i' th' instant thunders lowers,
 With sable clouds, and sulphery flames of fire,
 Tearing the Heavens, making the world admire:
 To see the *Earth*, the *Aire*, *Fire Waters* all,
 Flock altogether round about this Ball,
 Joyne all as one even in an instant soone,
 To stop mans breath sending a night at noone,
 That in a moment all their lives are dround,
 Their pride much like the Egyptian army found,
 That in the *sea* upon the crimson sands,
 Against Gods *sheepe* heav'd up their murdring
 hands,
 The Arke protected from their trecherous pawes,
 Damn'd *Envious* fowle base curst devouring
 Jawes,

Heav'd from the Earth, upon the Water bides,
 Secure from hurt, when God her Pilot guides,
 Triumphant marches, in all stormes it stands,
 Their *unbelieve* bold impudency brands,
 With that just scourge, which if they had repented,
 All had been well, his judgements staid and stented.

191.

Full sixteene hundred complete yeeres were ended,
 And fifty sixe when God in sunder rended,
 The sable clouds, and made the waters mount,
 To drowne the world according to the count,
 Of all the *Hebrews*, glory of the Earth,
 Whose sacred stories of admired worth,
 Have purchast *fame*, and aye deserved well,
 Before the *rest* to beare away the Bell.

192.

Heere could I sing th' afflictions, sorrowes, grieve,
 Vexations, troubles, sundry mischiefes reife:
 That dayly hapned to Noahs sacred Arke,
 Tost too and fro as is a little Barke.
 Upon the wings of (envious) Eols rage
 And some good men within this iron age,
 The Surges, Waves, upon her sides all beate,
 The sturdy rocks to split, her wombe do threate,
 The sands to choake, the stormes to batter downe,
 As all the Rest lo she her selfe to drowne.

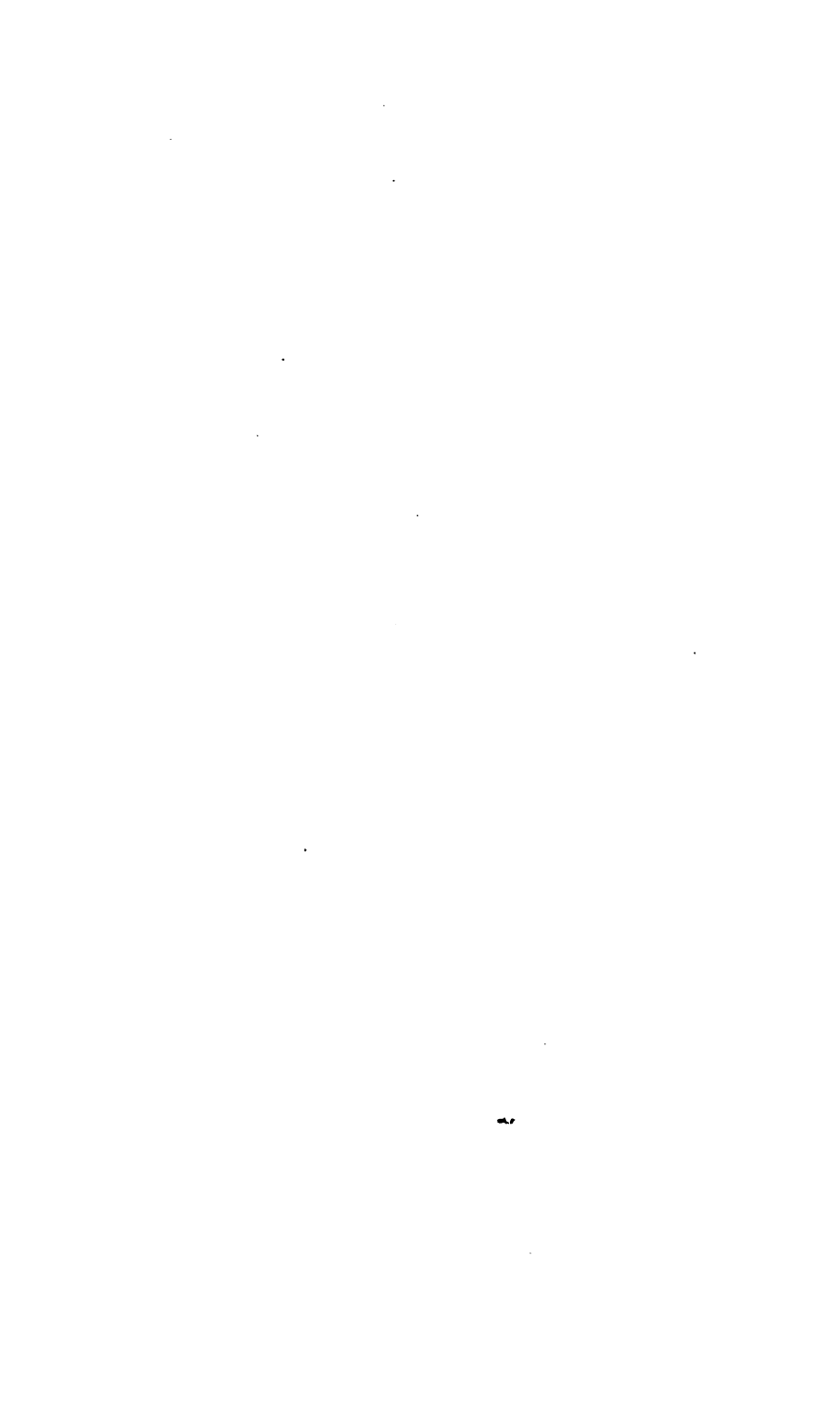
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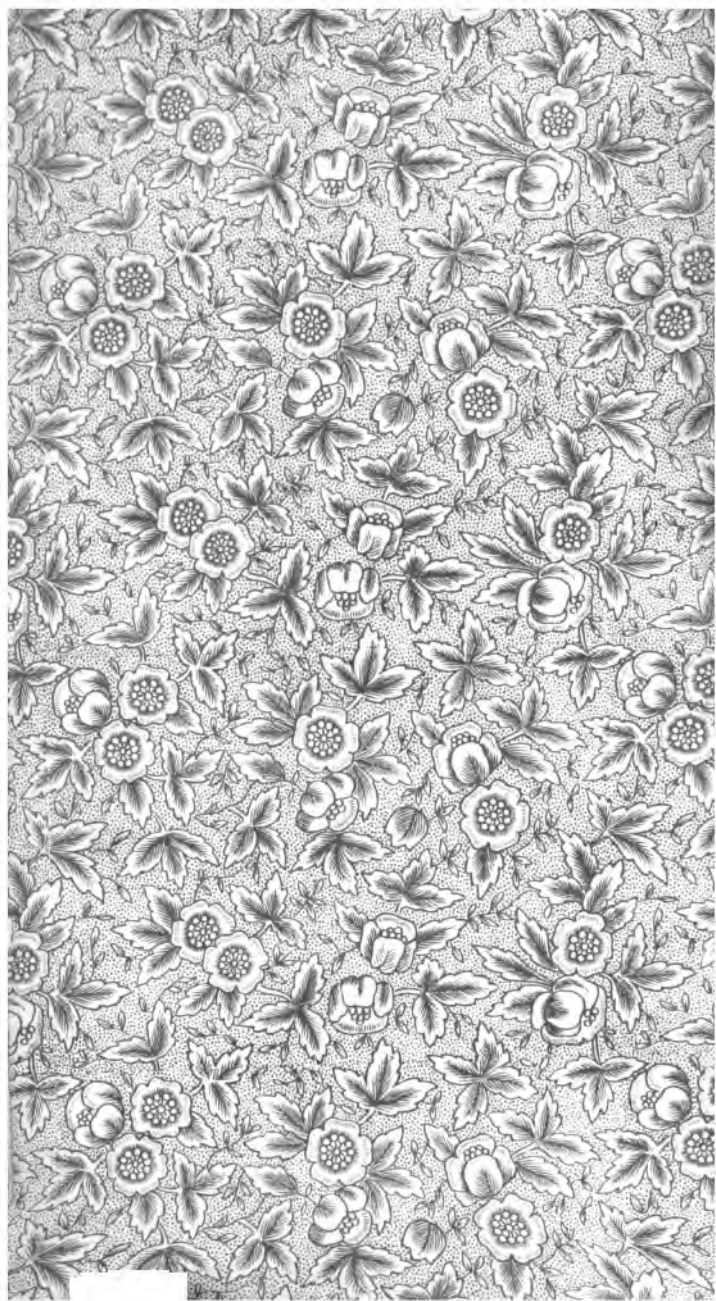
But still protected by Gods powerfull hands,
 Against the streame of all these rubs she stands,
 And on the waters waves, foule mischiefes all,
 She passes through, and viewes this spacious *Ball*,
 Untill at last she chanst herselfe to ease,
 From the fell fury of the envious Seas,
 Upon the top of that admired hill,
 Whose worthy fame the totall Earth doth fill,
 As more at large shall be described plaine
 In my next Booke*, when once (my *peuce*) I gaine,
 Meane time deare *Muse*, with Noahs sacred Pile,
 Let us but stay and rest ourselves awhile.

* The next books never appeared.

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